

THE *Sign*



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Germany's Children
(See Page 30)

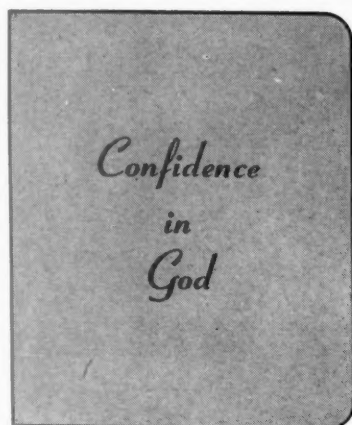


The Vatican and Peace, 1947--Cianfarra August 1947

William H. Chamberlin—Helen W. Homan—Peirson Ricks

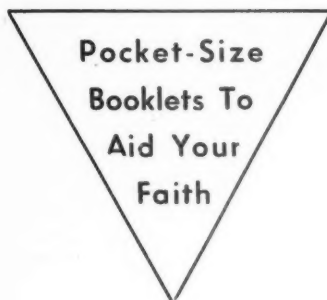
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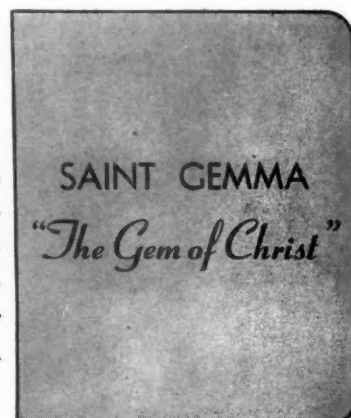
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Personal Mention

►Camille M. Cianfarra was born in Long Island City, N. Y. After having worked for the United Press in New York and in London, he joined the *New York Times* in 1935. He was Roman correspondent for that paper for seven years. After several years in Mexico, he returned to Rome to act as Vatican correspondent. He is the author of *The Vatican and the War*.

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August, 1947

THE Sign

Monastery Place, Union City, N.J.



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Editorial

Marshall or Molotov?

SINCE the Russians packed up and left Paris and the Marshall Plan behind them, we have been hearing that their departure divided Europe in two. This is just so much eyewash. Europe was divided in two before the war was over. The Russians never intended that it should be otherwise. The only unity Europe will ever have with their consent will be under their heel.

Europe needs reconstruction, it needs it badly, and to do it it needs our help. It would be easier to do the job with and for Europe as a whole, but that has simply never been in the cards. We might just as well take a philosophical attitude and conclude that half a loaf is better than no loaf at all. If we can get the western half of Europe on its feet again, we shall have accomplished something for Europe—and for ourselves.

That we should do what we can to help Europe—even at the cost of great sacrifice—we accept as unquestionable. It's both the decent and Christian thing to do. We can't agree with those who call Uncle Sam "Uncle Sucker" every time he lifts his hand to help a nation in need.

AT THE same time we should bear in mind that what we do for Europe—or for any other part of the world—shouldn't simply be written off the books as charity. It can be smart self-interest. We can't be millionaires in a world of paupers. We can't sell to others unless they have money with which to buy our products or goods to exchange for them. We need foreign trade to guarantee our own prosperity. In fact, the day may come in the not-too-distant future when our foreign trade might just balance the scale for prosperity against depression.

In advocating a program of aid for Europe, however, we recommend that we use our heads as well as our hearts. A few of the minimum requirements for the success of any such program are:

1. All aid to European countries should be directed toward helping them to help themselves. Uncle Sam is rich, but even he can't support a poor house of continental dimensions. Furthermore, Europe has all the resources, man power, and productive facilities necessary if its people will only get together and put them into operation.

2. We should insist that European countries must at least begin to remove the economic, political, and ideological barriers which are strangling them at present.

3. We should try to rise above our own stupid prejudices. We have been almost on our knees to the murderous criminals of the Kremlin and have pulled up our skirts in Pharasaical indignation at dictators Franco and Peron. If we're going to help Europe, let's help all we can, and in doing it let's accept help from all who offer it.

4. We must face the fact that Russia is unalterably opposed to our efforts to help Europe and we must proceed in spite of her hostility. Our stockpile of atom bombs is probably all that keeps her from actual attack.

5. We should suspend all reparations from Western Germany to Russia and her satellites; unite the three Western zones of Germany politically and economically; restore Germany's economy and productive capacity, under proper safeguards, in the interest of those countries which agree to co-operate with us. Restoration of Europe's economy with Germany in her present condition is impossible.

6. We should secure the co-operation of Latin America in supplying Western Europe with those foods and raw materials which were formerly secured from countries now behind the iron curtain.

MOST Americans don't realize the tremendous issues at stake in the success or failure of the Marshall Plan. This plan is more than a mere handout, it's more than a self-interested means of putting an old customer on his feet again. It's a major battle in the war to prevent Soviet Russia from taking over Europe and organizing it into a Communist anti-American alliance. If the Marshall Plan fails, then Europe will be dragged by some form of Molotov plan into the sphere of Soviet influence, and the United States will have to take it and like it or fight to stop it.

Fraser Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS

In Pictures

And

In Print



Even a model can stir up a dream. This veteran and his family are longing for a house such as Sen. McCarthy holds in miniature. The disabled need especially designed homes.



Another American effort at sound world co-operation. Truman signs legislation making U. S. a member of the IRO. Result: a ray of hope for Europe's miserable refugees.

SOME years ago Salvador de Madariaga, who has yet to be classified as an admirer of the Franco regime, wrote in his book *Spain*: "When we approach Spain with our plans, charts, statistics, and manuals, let us

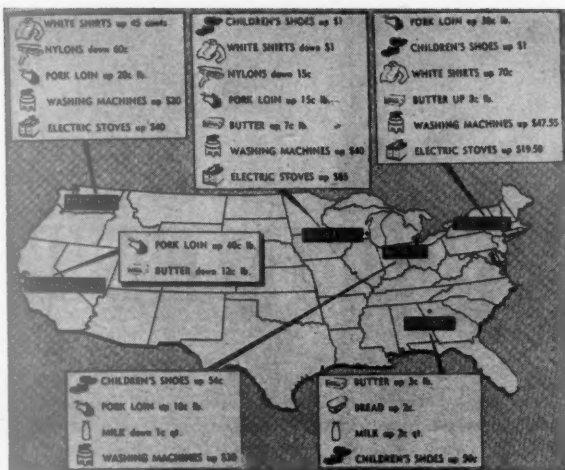
Spain, Sweden, and Wisconsin

bear in mind the natural facts which in a nation correspond to the physical and chemical indexes whereby we define metals and metalloids. No one expects mercury to behave like platinum, nor carbon like sulphur. And yet there are stubborn people who will have Spain behave like Sweden or like Wisconsin." If the internal politics of Spain have scant resemblance to what goes on in Kansas City, Jersey City, or Chicago, it does not therefore follow that Spaniards lack liberty any more than it does that Russians have it because they are so fond of calling themselves a democracy.

In the plebiscite last month on the law of succession, we Americans may or may not have liked the terms of reference. But the hue and cry of fraud was itself a fraud. It was not true to say, as so many commentators did, that it made no difference how Spaniards voted—yes or no, they still had Franco. It made a world of difference, for they were deciding whether or not they wanted the present system to carry on in rehabilitation of their country even after Franco has gone. Though many may have wished otherwise, the issue before the electorate was not whether Franco should stay or go. It was not a referendum on a person but on a system.

Even the casual student of Spanish history knows something of the strong separatist movements that have ever plagued a Spanish government, especially in such ardently nationalist districts as the Basque and Catalan provinces. It is precisely from such sections that Franco finds his most determined opposition. In this he is badgered in precisely the same way as were the Republic and the Monarchy before him. Yet it was to Bilbao in the Basque province that many foreign correspondents repaired in order to give an eyewitness account of how the elections went, well knowing that Bilbao was no index to the rest of Spain. As Sam Pope Brewer of the *New York Times* reported from there, this "is the point where the opponents to this regime have most distinguished themselves by the open expression of their hostility." Yet his observation in the very hotbed of opposition was that perhaps less than 30 per cent stayed away from the polls.

The results of the vote on the law of succession, even if, as many surmise, there was lack of honesty in counting the ballots, were so overwhelmingly in favor of a continuance along the political paths Spain is now traveling, that it should give us reason to pause. However it may appear to the citizens of Sweden or Wisconsin, it may be that to the Spaniards in Spain the regime is not as diabolical as we have been led to believe. It may be that Spaniards by and large and all things considered are not so desirous of change as the United Nations officially would maintain. And though the whole Spanish form of government would be repugnant here in America, it



Not much is being said now about rising prices. In the year since OPA, figures showing a rise of more than 50% in some items give the lie to those who claimed prices would fall.



Now that there is a new Presidential succession law, Speaker of the House Martin is next in line. The law is wise in that an elected officer succeeds, not a Cabinet member.



End of a duel between Lewis and soft coal operators. Miners get \$13.05 a day—a gain of \$1.20, with an hour less of work. Even with this increase they are far from being overpaid.

may be that the Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Pla y Daniel, was no mere base clerical schemer, as the gentlemen of the Left would have it, when he wrote in his pastoral letter that the vote on the law of succession was for or against the "establishment of the final structure of a new Spanish state that can serve as a model through the laws of Christian inspiration already laid down by it in questions of education, through so many advanced laws of social justice already placed in practice (and which it may yet surpass as they are perfected), through its harmonious combination of firm authority with historical continuity, and through the participation of the citizens in the government of the nation."

The simple fact Americans should keep in mind is that the only fair way to form an opinion on Spanish affairs is to remember that Spaniards are Spaniards with their own traditions and customs and temperament. Yet there are stubborn people who will have Spain behave like Sweden or like Wisconsin, whose voices will rise in indignation because mercury does not behave like platinum, carbon like sulphur.

THE whole genius of the Marshall Plan is that it has removed the reconstruction of Europe from the realm of politics. So long as political considerations were uppermost, we had a

Why Was Spain

Omitted?

series of stalemates between Western Europe and Russia. A series of conferences and vetoes. A series of treaties and impasses. But no basis for the reconstruction of a tired, anemic continent. After President Truman went on record as being willing to oppose Communist dictatorship and oppression wherever it threatened, Secretary Marshall in his plan went to the very roots of the method of opposition. It was startlingly simple. One of those things that astounds people because they haven't thought of it before. For just as Christ's words are everlastingly true, "Not by bread alone does man live," so also is it true for all times and all places, without bread no man can live at all. In effect, Secretary Marshall said, "Let's forget about politics and national boundaries, let's put aside for the nonce all the memories of the war and let's get together in building for peace. You take inventory of what is left, of what you can do, of what you need. Then all you countries of Europe tally your resources and your demands. What is still lacking to you after you have done that, we Americans will supply."

Immediately Britain and France, as we know, took up the welcome challenge and sent out invitations to the nations of Europe. No criterion of democracy or shade of politics was set up. Democratic countries like Belgium and Switzerland, dictatorships like Bulgaria and Rumania were invited. Even the archdictatorship, Soviet Russia, was wheedled to join. And when finally Russia refused and compelled her eight satellite nations also to refuse, the door was still left ajar for reconsideration. Twenty-four nations were invited, former allies and former enemies, no matter what their past record or their present form of government. All European nations were summoned, all except Spain. All except that one country whose neutrality in the last war worked more to our benefit than ever it did to that of the Axis. All except that Iberian land which is the only land ever to defeat Soviet machinations.

If the Marshall Plan prescind from politics, why was Spain omitted? If the aim is to amalgamate as many European countries as possible in an economic unity, why was Spain omitted? If the ultimate purpose is to organize the economies of all European nations irrespective of race or creed, or latitude or longitude, why was Spain omitted? Because it was neutral in the recent war? Then why was Portugal invited? Because it gave aid to the Axis? Then how about Sweden? Because it did not actively wage war on our side? Then how about Italy and Hungary and the others who actively waged war against us?

To add to the series of questions: isn't it about time that

we stopped both officially and popularly this nonsense about Spain and face the fact that we have as a nation been duped by propaganda over the past ten years, face the fact that our diplomacy is something less than consistent?

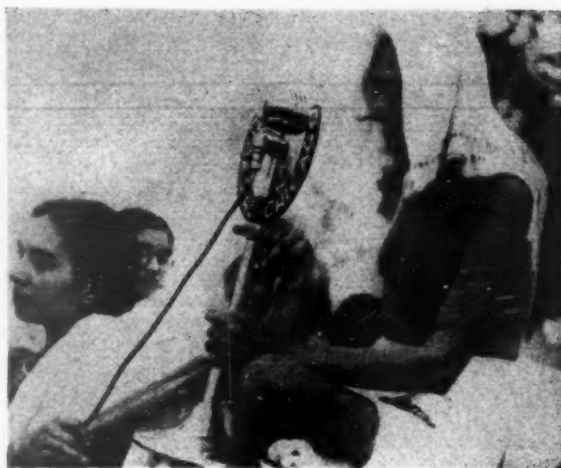
If a staid old spinster long regarded as a paragon of maiden-lady decorum were suddenly to pour out her gripes against society in the hardboiled language of a taxi dancer, her bewildered friends would probably pinch themselves to make sure they were really awake and hearing aright. Figuratively speaking, that is what happened last month when educators from all over the country concluded the National Conference for the Improvement of Teachers by formulating a bill of rights and telling their fellow citizens that they are tired of being "pushed around." They are tired of being underpaid; tired of carrying a work week which, counting extracurricular activities, averages sixty hours; tired of being denied the prestige that their role in the community deserves. And they said so with a bluntness not usually associated with their normally long-suffering profession. Simultaneously with this forthright statement of the educators, came the results of a survey conducted by the University of Chicago which revealed that discontent is something of an occupational disease among those who are operating the majority of the country's school systems.

Among the demands of the school leaders was one for a minimum annual salary of \$2400. That seems little enough for professional men and women. Yet even after taking into account the wage improvements made last year, there were only seven states in which teachers' salaries averaged \$2400 or better. Twenty-four went below \$2000 and one even fell below the \$1000 mark.

If wages are in any way a criterion of the social value attributed to a man's or woman's work, then the comparatively low wages allotted to an educator is another symptom of the general materialism infecting our American culture. The man who plants ideas receives less recompense than the man who lays bricks; the carpenter who builds some bookshelves makes more money than the scholar who uses the books; the laborer who sets a mold for the pouring of cement receives a better paycheck than the school teacher who helps to mold a character. This is not to say that the bricklayer or carpenter or cement mixer is necessarily overpaid; but it does indicate a disesteem for the value of mind formation and for the people who form those minds.

With the exception of six states where no statistics are available, all the states have budget plans providing increased salaries for teachers during the 1947-1948 school year. This is as it should be. And those states which, even after devoting sizable percentage of their income to educational expenditures, still cannot give a decent salary to their educators, deserve some form of federal aid such as might come from the Taft bill were it passed after being purged of the inequity characterizing its treatment of private schools. But providing a decent wage for teachers would mean just one more item that would help to prolong the high taxes under which so many are chafing already. And as long as the promise of tax reduction retains its ever predictable popularity, the danger of budget curtailment in the educational field continually threatens whatever gains the teachers have made or hope to make. We hope that as a nation we shall be farsighted enough to recognize that there is good reason for discontent among school teachers and that we must be willing to spend money to remove it.

Several months ago Walter Lippman pointed out that in 1945 the American people spent on alcoholic beverages more than three times as much as they spent on the upkeep of all public elementary and secondary schools. Last year the nation's liquor bill smashed all records and reached an all-time



Mahatma Gandhi was against the division of India, even considered fasting unto death to prevent it. Yet even he must realize division was inevitable, must now be made to work.



In the shadow of St. Peter's dome workmen load a truck with food for Italy's hungry. The parcels of food came from Canada. We can be proud of the Vatican's efficient relief work.



It would have been inconceivable that Molotov would have been booed in newsreel theaters a year ago, yet he is now. At last he is recognized as the champion vetoer of peace.



Col. Mary Hallaren of the Wacs, Sen. Baldwin, Eisenhower, Nimitz, Mrs. Oswald Lord, and Captain Joy Hancock of the Waves. Wacs and Waves should be made permanent corps.



Eugene Dennis (left), Secretary of the Communist Party in U. S., chats with his attorney before receiving sentence for contempt of Congress. His arrogance merited a stiff penalty.



In Washington 4000 Townsendites held their seventh annual convention. Sen. Pepper is shown with Townsend and his son. They may be misguided—the urge for social security isn't.

high—\$8,700,000,000, an average of \$89 for every person over eighteen years of age. If we can afford a luxury outlay like that, we certainly can afford to pay our teachers a living wage.

WHILE labor union leaders chart their plans for fighting the Taft-Hartley legislation and their legal advisers draw up test cases designed to focus attention on its unwise or unjust restrictions, one little section of the law is, strangely enough, hardly mentioned at all. It is one of the shortest sections of the law. A section

Bold Arrogance

or Bad Philosophy

least explained by the lawmakers. A section least challenged by the opposition. Yet there is perhaps no section of the law so apt to imply a false philosophy on the relations between government and governed. It is the section making it "unlawful for any individual employed by the United States . . . to participate in any strike."

If such an enactment is founded on the postulate that the government can never be an unjust employer, it is plainly unrealistic. Civil service workers can be underpaid just as well as those who are privately employed. Hence, conceivably they might be provoked to strike against their employer, the government. Consequently the government acts with high-handed arrogance when it arbitrarily outlaws its employees' right without so much as an apology.

If such an enactment, as is more likely, is built on the postulate that no one ever has a *moral* right to strike against the government, it is simply bad philosophy. For such a philosophy presupposes that the government gives the individual his rights, whereas it merely safeguards the rights which are naturally his even before governments exist. Government gets the sanctity of its rights through the will of the people; to turn matters around the other way so that the people cannot defend their rights against the government is not Christianity or democracy but the false theorizing of totalitarian statism.

Any moral limitation on civil service workers' right to strike comes, not from the fact that they are employed by the government, but from the nature of their work and the community's dependence upon the proper fulfillment of that work. If their work is so bound up with the community's well-being that any interruption of it would bring havoc to the health, comfort, protection, or essential services of fellow citizens, a strike among them becomes immoral. And this is so, not because the strike weapon happens to be aimed at the government, but on the general principle that no group of citizens can in the pursuit of minor personal gains impose major losses on the public. A strike among post office employees or mail carriers or agents of the U.S. Secret Service would be morally intolerable because such a strike would immediately hit at the common welfare and permit evils far outweighing the benefits accruing to the disgruntled federal employees.

But the case would be different if a strike were threatened and put into action by clerical workers in a federal bureau, or maintenance men in a federal building, or even guards in a federal museum. All of these latter could have a real grievance and execute a strike over it without seriously imperiling the welfare of the community. And since a reasonable proportion would be maintained between the improvement sought by them and the evils permitted by their strike, it would be a morally justifiable strike.

It may be deemed advisable that all civil service employees, on accepting a government job, *voluntarily* forego their right to strike as a condition of employment. This could be reasonably requested because it so often happens that a strike among them would be immoral by reason of the harm inflicted on the common welfare. But in that event the law should be so worded that there would be no confusion about the relations between government and the governed.

The Vatican and Peace—1947

By

CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA



Pope Pius XII. He has made clear to all the requisites for a just peace

THE Vatican today is seriously alarmed. The misgivings with which it watched the Big Four's first approaches to peacemaking in 1945 and 1946 soon changed into disillusion and have now become genuine distress over the present state of world affairs. With the experience of centuries behind it, and a political vision unimpaired by narrow nationalist prejudices, the Vatican, more than any other power, is today in a position to judge dispassionately the issues that are agitating mankind—their full meaning and repercussions in the international scene, their inevitable development in the future if history continues to follow its present dangerous course.

The Vatican fears that unless men change their mental processes and pursue an altruistic and humane instead of a selfish policy, war is inevitable. When and how war will come is a secondary consideration. The distressing fact, as the Vatican sees it, is that the seeds of an armed conflict are being sown now.

The gradual change of the Vatican toward peace negotiations—from moderate hope, through disillusionment to misgivings and alarm—has become especially marked in the past few months, and precisely since the Moscow conference last April. At that time the widen-

ing cleavage between the West, as represented by the Anglo-Saxon powers, and the East, as represented by Russia and her satellite states, sprang into sharper focus. Russia's rejection of the four-power treaty against German aggression advanced by the United States, the Truman Doctrine, Secretary of State George C. Marshall's report to the American people on his return from Moscow when he laid the responsibility for the failure of that conference on Russia's unwillingness to co-operate, the Russian-engineered overthrow of Premier Ferenc Nagy's government in Catholic Hungary, the stern criticism of Soviet foreign policy voiced by Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson and other State Department officials last June, and Russia's rejection of the Marshall Plan—all these developments merely confirmed what the Vatican had already denounced, namely, that the world today seems as far from at-

taining permanent peace as in those crucial years of 1938 and 1939 when Hitler's Germany annexed Austria and invaded Czecho-Slovakia as preliminary steps toward World War II.

Small wonder therefore that Pope Pius XII should time and again state what the Catholic Church considers the prerequisites for a "just and lasting peace." The Pontiff began enunciating these principles as far back as 1939—the first year of the war—and steadily amplified and elaborated them in successive speeches, the last of which he delivered on June 2. For eight years, then, the Pope has been urging nations and peoples "to constitute a single family that must not be divided in ambiguous and stormy rivalries nor dissolve itself in eternal hostilities for offenses that are caused, but join in the brotherly love born from the commandment of Christ and His divine example." Public and private relations, he said on July 7, 1946, should be regulated "not by unbridled desire for personal advantage but in justice and equity, in order to restore to mankind the true peace from which the common good flows."

The Pope, as the Vicar of Christ on earth and the highest spokesman for the Catholic Church, which is universal in

A correspondent at the Vatican reports the attitude of the Holy See toward the world situation

character, cannot take sides in earthly conflicts. "The Church is a Mother," he once said. "You do not ask a mother to favor or to take the part of one rather than another of her children." But the Vatican, as the guiding body of the Church, entrusted with the task of promoting and protecting religious interests in the world, can and does have a direct and practical approach to the political problems that directly or indirectly affect the Church. In Vatican City there are a powerful radio station and an excellently edited newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*. Frequently these two give the point of view of the Vatican on specific political questions, although what they say and write cannot be termed official because the Church has its own ecclesiastical spokesmen whenever it wants to take an official stand.

Up to the present the Pope's warnings and advice have been disregarded, and, instead of improving, international relations seem to be deteriorating. The gap between Russia and the United States has already widened to dangerous proportions. The approach to peace, according to the Vatican, has been wrong from the beginning. *L'O.R.* has pointed out that the negotiators have attempted to achieve, not international equilibrium, but their own security, and have therefore conveniently forgotten the Atlantic Charter, the Teheran and Potsdam declarations "so as to proceed in the feeble light of aspirations and interests with methods that had been outlawed forever by those agreements." There is no doubt by now in the mind of Vatican officials that no just peace will be concluded between the victor and the vanquished nations. They see the United Nations as a replica of the League of Nations, the Big Four as the members of the Holy Alliance (Austria, Germany, England, and Russia) who met in Vienna early in the nineteenth century to partition Europe among themselves after defeating Napoleon. They think the errors made at Versailles are being not only repeated but are on a larger scale.

Last June, Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre, chief editor of the Vatican newspaper, wrote a series of editorials in which he analyzed relations between the United States and Russia and sought to bring out the psychological and material differences that barred the way to an understanding. He bared what he said was the danger inherent in the present policies followed by those two powers, maintained that war was futile, urged both nations to work out an understanding, appealed to the United States to show more tolerance toward Russia, and advised Russia to give up her aggressive policy and to confine Communism to its own country. In other words, while the Pope had devoted himself to an exposition of the moral principles that should

guide statesmen in negotiating peace, Dalla Torre discussed the practical way in which those principles should be applied in the field of international relations.

Dalla Torre is considered the most authoritative lay spokesman for the Vatican on political questions. His editorials are not, as may be thought, checked or edited by the Pontiff or his Secretariat of State, which is the equivalent of our Department of State. But there is no question that they are the results of conversations with high Vatican officials and of his profound knowledge of the Vatican point of view on current international affairs.

ONE of the causes of present-day tenseness of relations between the Western democracies and Russia, he said in his editorials, is the distrust that nations feel for each other. Because of that distrust they are not concerned with bringing about the conditions necessary to insure permanent peace through the solution of all major problems, but with ways and means whereby they can attain the maximum degree of national security against alleged or true threats of their potential or actual enemies. To some extent distrust of the Anglo-Saxon powers is the motivating force that has prompted Russia to set up Communist governments in Eastern and Southeastern Europe (Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Albania); to threaten the national integrity of other countries (Greece, Turkey), and to spike all efforts aiming at a settlement of post-war Europe and Asia.

Distrust of Russia has inspired the Truman Doctrine of aid to Greece and Turkey to foil what the United States feels is a Soviet attempt at expansion in

the Mediterranean. The sad result so far is that two years after the end of the war a final peace settlement is not yet in sight. Dalla Torre believes that mutual confidence among the leading antagonists would clear up the clouded international horizon, relax the rigidity of the positions assumed by Russia on the one hand and the United States on the other, and pave the way for a frank and constructive discussion of all peace questions. He suggests that the United States should attempt to understand Russian suspicion of American policy and devise the best means to allay it. At the same time he points out to Russia that its present policy, which has resulted among other things in establishing Communist regimes in Europe, is to a large degree responsible for the distrust which Washington harbors against it, because every Soviet step so far has been toward imperialist expansion at the expense of other powers.

The struggle going on today, he declares, is not one of contrasting ideologies—Communism versus democracy—but of power politics. Communism and democracy have, in fact, already shown that they can coexist and collaborate if issues of life and death are at stake, as in the last war. Dalla Torre sees no reason why these two ideologies cannot coexist and collaborate in solving an equally vital problem—peace. He contends that war does not kill "ideas," which inevitably sprout again from the debris of destruction just as wild flowers and vegetation eventually cover and obliterate with a verdant mantle the remnants of crumbling palaces. In short, ideas are eternal, and wars are futile if waged for ideological reasons.

As a constructive step, Dalla Torre suggested to the United States that it



The Pope frequently uses radio to spread his ideas on a just and lasting peace

should take into account Russia's present distrust of the Anglo-Saxon powers and its natural desire for national security; and to Russia that it should keep Communism within its own borders as a gesture that in his opinion would go a long way toward removing Anglo-American suspicion. He realistically appreciates that distrust is only one of the factors that contribute to the shaping of the policy of nations today. Greed and ambition, the desire for revenge and for new conquests are equally important factors.

"To consider Russia's policy exclusively aggressive as was formerly thought of France (during the Napoleonic period) is tantamount to denying that such policy has motives of defense," Dalla Torre said in one of his editorials. It is possible, however, that this policy may aim at making Russian borders "more easily defensible since they have been so easily violated (by Hitler's Germany) under the pretext of acquiring needed living space, and of a crusade against Communism. This belief in a psychology of aggression does not appear objective. Nor can we concede any objectivity to the same thought and conviction when they are expressed by the Soviets concerning the alleged Anglo-Saxon imperialism aimed at one doesn't know what expansionism."

The meaning of these editorials is dear. Dalla Torre, as an interpreter of Vatican views, asks the United States—a Christian nation where the practice of religion is free—not to give up its efforts for an understanding with Russia—where religion is persecuted or, if permitted, is used as a political weapon in support of the Communist state.

DOES the attitude taken by *L'O.R.* imply a change or a compromise on the part of the Vatican, which is the avatar of anti-Communism, toward its archfoe, Communism? Is the Vatican betraying hitherto unsuspected weakness, and is it therefore attempting to propitiate Russia, which is one of the two greatest lay powers in the world?

Anyone conversant with the attitude of the Holy See on international affairs and with the tenets of the Catholic faith will not only answer negatively but will be satisfied that *L'O.R.*'s stand is quite coherent.

In the spiritual field the Church has never compromised and never will compromise with ideologies or doctrines that deny the tenets of its Faith. One of these ideologies is atheistic Communism which, as implied in its label, denies the existence of God. In almost every speech he has made since the end of the war, Pius XII has stressed the dangers of Communism. On January 18 he called it the "denial of men's civil and religious rights." He denounced the "ruthless

persecution of men's consciences" and said that after Germany's defeat the "tyranny" of Communism had replaced that of Nazism. Only a few weeks ago, on June 2, he defined Communists as "false prophets who with cunning and violence unscrupulously propagate anti-Christian and atheistic concepts of the world and of the state. Such concepts are contrary to the natural law, and as such have been condemned by the Church." *L'O.R.* between one of the Dalla Torre editorials and the next, published a full-page exposure of the religious persecutions carried out by the Communist government of Yugoslavia. Clearly, in the doctrinal field the Church (through its most authoritative spokesman, the Holy Father) and the Vatican (through *L'O.R.*) have more than proved that there has been no change toward Communism on ideological grounds and that the fight against it continues with the same vigor wherever its application results in persecution of the Church.

But—and this point cannot be emphasized enough—the fact that the Church fights Communism does not mean that it would welcome a war in the hope of seeing Russia defeated, the Communist rulers in the Kremlin killed or exiled,

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 ▶ You never realize how the human voice can change until a woman quits scolding her husband and answers the phone.  
 —NEAL O'HARA

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 and Communism smashed. As Dalla Torre said, "ideas" cannot be killed and wars are futile. If one accepts this premise, then the whole attitude of the Vatican on international affairs is clear. Promotion of peace is one of the missions of the Church, which therefore advocates concord and brotherhood among men. War breeds hatred. It is the antithesis of brotherhood and concord and does not solve ideological issues.

The Church can only advise and point out the spiritual premises that should inspire the peacemakers. But the actual drafting of peace treaties is a purely political problem. The Vatican, which has the welfare not only of millions of Catholics throughout the world, but of the whole of humanity, at heart, feels that in a crisis such as the present one it has the duty of making its views known even in the political fields. Hence Dalla Torre's appeal for an understanding between Moscow and Washington, his attempts to analyze the causes of discord, and his suggestions, which are offered in the hope of averting war. The fact that one of the two nations which has it in its power today to unleash a third world war is the leading Communist nation and, as such, the archenemy of the Church, does not affect the political as-

pects of the question and does not deter the Vatican in its peace efforts.

"For those who see things in the light of the supernatural," Pius XII said last June, "there is no doubt that even in the most serious conflicts of human and national interests, there is always room for a peaceful settlement."

YET, while peace efforts are being made, the Pontiff has not hesitated to deplore Russia's policy, which he has held to a large extent responsible for the current international tension. He spoke against Communist ideology on June 2 when he referred to the "idolatrous worshippers of brute force" and to "the struggle, inside and outside their frontiers, for world domination." The Vatican has not made its attitude toward the Truman Doctrine known, but, the world being what it is and peace still a mirage, it is not surprising that many Vatican officials privately regard the doctrine as a powerful means to combat Communist inroads in Europe.

"Even if the powers of darkness, of disunity, discord, and destruction are spreading today over the whole world, so much more effective must be the superior activity of Christians and their strength which they derive from union, order, and peace," he said in the June speech.

For identical reasons the Vatican favors the Marshall Plan which, if applied, would in its opinion create the economic conditions necessary for the rebirth of Europe and remove one of His Holiness' gravest anxieties—that the disappointed and hungry of that continent should fall easy prey to the exploiters of class warfare. The Pontiff, in fact, on June 30 praised the "farseeing statesmen and clear, dispassionate thinkers in the new world," that is, President Truman and Secretary Marshall, for their concrete contribution to the work of reconstruction.

When asked what the chances are of averting a new war, high Vatican officials show impressive pessimism. They fear that the probabilities of halting Russian imperialism are very slim and that Soviet policy is bound sooner or later to clash with vital Anglo-Saxon interests and set fire once again to the world. They believe that to save peace the United States should pursue a policy of firmness backed by military strength, but avoid anything that smacks of provocation, while attempting whenever possible to find a common ground for understanding with Russia. They believe that Moscow could give the world a lasting peace if it decided to keep Communism within its own borders. But if Communism did that it would deny its own ideology. And, they say, they are the first to know that no compromises are possible in the spiritual field.

The gossips didn't know
what the girl was up to, but
they knew it was nothing good



The Infernal Gilhooley Credenza

By James C. G. Conniff

MRS. MAHONEY, with her flat hat on to increase the impression I've always had that there was nothing above her ears, she was the one started it. She shoved her face, which had come to a point from a lifetime of whispering, across the counter at me. Her yellowish eyes darted to the door of my place to make sure no other customers were coming in; then she hissed, "And now she's getting a *credenza*? How do you like that?"

I started packing her groceries in the shopping bag. Once the Mahoney began making with the gossip, she'd order no more for the day. "Might like it if I knew what 'twas," I said cheerfully. Always treat the customers as if they were human beings, is my motto. "Just who you referring to, Mrs. Mahoney?" As if I didn't know.

"That Gilhooley girl, of course, you fool," she snapped. "Who else? Ed Barley told me about it as I came past the depot just now."

"How'd he know?"

She sniffed, like I should know how Ed knew all the things he did. "Just happened to overhear her telling Maude Farquahart about it last night at the Orpheum. He was sittin' right behind 'em. I've told Mrs. Farquahart she oughtn't let her daughter be seen with that Gilhooley girl, but she wouldn't pay me no mind. Now she'll see!" Mrs. Mahoney's thin little scar-tissue mouth expanded across her face in as close as she ever comes to a smile of triumph. I pushed the bag of groceries across at her.

"That'll be three-twenty-seven, Mrs. Mahoney," I said. Best way is not to let 'em get you too involved. But as I rang up the cash register and made her change, I couldn't help asking, "Just what is this here *credenza*, now?"

She gasped and chopped her false uppers down over her lower lip and looked at me like I'd been naughty. When I didn't register whatever it was she expected me to, she dropped the act. She jerked her bag off the counter. "I said *cree-den-za*, Bill," she smirked, "not *cay-den-za*!" Then she moved quickly to the door.

"Yeah," I called after her, my nose itchy about it now, "but what in tophet is a *cree-den-za*?"

All she did was cluck her tongue at me and wag her flat head pityingly. With a look as if I'd left the wrong buttons unbuttoned, she went out.

I didn't get a chance to think no more about it till the flow of customers eased off before noon and I had a little time to watch the passers-by through my show windows. My old cat was playing mountain goat among the displays. She missed

her footing on a pyramid of canned pears and toppled them all over the window. Terror-stricken, she bounced out of the window to hide.

Three of the top cans went banging against the thick glass just as the little Gilhooley girl came stepping by, her pert head held high. She must've been startled by the commotion in my window, for she pulled her head around fast and looked in. I waved to her. An uncertain ghost of a smile played around her mouth for a second, then she nodded and was gone. A pretty mouth it was, too.

A shame, I thought as I redressed the window, the way the town's been treating the little thing since she came here, a stranger, to wait for her husband. It was hard enough to be trying to make a home of the old Cartwright place, all by yourself. A little friendliness would've helped a lot. You'd think the least the scissor-tongued old biddies could do would be to treat her the way her husband was trying to get those people in Europe to feel toward their neighbors.

But they'd taken one look at a figure like a winesap at its prime and they'd drawn some vicious conclusions. Mrs. Mahoney found out from the postmistress how she got mail addressed to a Miss Antoinette Gilhooley. Discovery of that Miss was a feather in the flat hat that overshadowed the unveiling of the girl's given name. The Mahoney at once became queen of the local harpies. She worked hard at it, too.

I locked up the store and went home to lunch. Jeff Barstow stopped me for a minute at the corner to talk about the price of feed. As I was bidding him good-by he said suddenly, "Say, Bill, I hear the Gilhooley girl's planning a *credenza* at her place. That right?"

I ADMITTED I'd heard about it, but I didn't like to let on I didn't know what it was. I tried to wheedle it out of Jeff. "Big one, you suppose?"

"Prob'ly the biggest this town's ever seen. Liquor and all, I suspect. Maybe a small orchestra." Jeff's eyes sparkled at the thought. Then he grew sober again. "But the girl's making a mistake, Bill. She ain't never going to win over those old crones that way. Never. Should be a fancy shindig, though."

At home my Dotty set me up a fine lunch. She didn't nuisance me with questions till I was at my dessert. "Heard about the *credenza* the Gilhooley girl's got, Bill?" she asked finally.

"Heard she was *gettin'* it," I said. "Mrs. Mahoney told me first thing this morning. Then Jeff Barstow tells me just now that she's *givin'* it. And you say she's *got* it. What in blazes is this *credenza* thing anyway?"

Dotty reached across the table and

pinched my cheek. "It's a disease, of course," she laughed. "Why, you silly old thing, what'd you think it was?"

"A disease?" I gulped.

"Sure," she told me, clearing away the dishes, "like influenza. Seems she got it from souvenirs her husband sent her from Germany." Dotty was one of the few women in town who chose to believe the Gilhooley girl really had a husband. "Marcia Gunnison told me about it over the 'phone. You know how they have those epidemics over there after every war. Well, now it's over here," she went on, frowning, "and I certainly hope they quarantine her before we have the whole town sick."

"But I saw the girl passing the store just before I came home to lunch," I protested. "This is crazy. What'd she be doing on the street if she's so sick?"

"I don't know, Bill. Tom Abbot probably hasn't gotten to quarantining her yet, I guess." Dotty looked worried to hear the girl was abroad. "She hasn't been in the store, has she?"

"No," I told her as I kissed her good-by, "and she won't be, either, if I have to bar the door."

WAITING when I reopened was Archie Clark, our sheriff. I had an idea what the first question out of his mouth would be, so I greeted him with, "Yep, I've heard about it, Archie. What do you know about this infernal *credenza*?"

"All I know," crackled Archie with a twitch to his moustache, "is she better not try gettin' any doctor in this town to do it."

I sat down on a flour barrel inside while Archie wandered over to sample my raisin crackers. "Do what?" I asked weakly.

Archie flushed a little, which I thought strange. He'd never been embarrassed before at stealing my profits out from under my eyes. "Do the operation," he mumbled, spilling crumbs. "Law against them kind of operations in this state."

"Wait a minute," I cried in confusion. "What're you talking about? Old Mahoney won't let on what it is. Jeff Barstow tells me it's a shindig. Dotty claims it's a disease she got from some war souvenirs her husband sent her. And here you say it's a . . . a . . . an operation! I wish the people in this town'd get together and . . ."

"We're getting together tonight!" boomed a crisp voice from the doorway. Archie and I whirled, Archie choking on a half-chewed cracker.

"And if we don't take immediate action, I'll have your badge before the next election!" Mrs. Barkenfeist's eyes were gouging into Archie. She's the head of the local uplift society and her high-priced hulk filled my door. Behind her,

She pulled her head around fast and looked in. I waved to her



It All Depends

► Being interested in performing his civic duty in an approaching election, a newcomer to a small town called on the village clerk.

"How long must a man reside in this town before he can vote?" he inquired.

"What ticket?" asked the clerk promptly.

trying to get by or at least see past her, danced Ed Barley from the depot. That old fool's always around when the Barkenfeist's out for trouble.

"Whatchoo mean, Mrs. Barkenfeist, ma'am?" groveled Archie. Archie's her nutpick for anything she takes a dislike to in our town. She's kept him sheriff for nearly thirty years.

"This Gilhooley credenza!" shriled the Bark, as I like to call her when she's troublemaking elsewhere. "You must not permit her to go ahead with it!" She came slowly into the store, like the "Queen Elizabeth" docking, and Ed Barley danced cautiously around her so he could see everything. For an old goat who's hard of hearing and can't see past his eyebrows, Ed sure don't miss much. "I shall expect a deputation of the town selectmen and other decent-minded citizens to proceed to the old Cartwright place this evening. You, Archie, will take such legal steps as you care to, and other steps if necessary, to suppress this menace to our community!" The Bark's great heaving bosom changed the air pressure in my store in dizzying waves of righteous indignation.

"But why all the fuss about a little shindig, Mrs. Barkenfeist?" I was foolish enough to inquire.

"Shindig indeed, Mr. Cooper!" she arched her brows at me. "I'm sure Dorothy will be happy to hear how little such things as this bother you. And you a married man!" She clucked her tongue at me.

"Well, then," I insisted, getting a little sore, "if it's just a disease she's got, why can't Archie and Tom Abbot go up there and quarantine her and have done with it. Don't need no deputation for that, far's I can see."

"Disease *she's* got? Ha! It'll be the fever this clean little town'll be having," laughed the Bark coldly. "That's my main reason for instructing Archie in his duty, Mr. Cooper. We'll have none of that sort of thing here. No matter what you old goats might like to see happen," she finished spitefully.

At this point Archie was confused enough to open his mouth and say something at last. "But 'tain't a disease, ma'am," he coughed apologetically. "It's a . . . a delicate situation, ma'am. I

thought mebbe it'd be better if old Doc Meadows could sort of go up and . . ."

"More delicate than you know, my dear sheriff," finished the Bark for him with superb frigidly, underlining the *sheriff* with her tongue. "No doctor is necessary . . . yet. It is the sheriff's duty to see to it that no creature like that Gilhooley girl is permitted to open a credenza in our town. Why, think of the effect on our young men and women!"

"Open a credenza?" muttered Archie blurrily. "How does she propose to do that?"

"Same's you do a lending library," cackled old Ed Barley with a toothless leer. "Only different, heel heel heel!"

Mrs. Barkenfeist cut him off with a look. "Tonight then, Archie. This town has never had a stain on its name up to now. Keep it so." She spun on her axis and steamed out the door.

ARCHIE stood around most of the afternoon, eating my crackers and shaking his head and talking to himself. Everybody came in had something to say about the credenza, and they all agreed now on exactly what it was. I tell you, it was an embarrassing afternoon for me, with all them women whispering among themselves and nudging each other and shutting up when I'd come back with stuff they'd ordered. I was glad when it came time to close up.

At seven-thirty I found Archie and Ed Barley and Tom Abbot with his health officer's shield stuck in the middle of his vest so everybody could see it, and Mrs. Mahoney and Mrs. Barkenfeist and a few other lights from the uplift society, all gathered in the church basement where Archie'd called the meeting. Dotty, who didn't believe it anyway, hadn't been keen on my going. But I told her we had a duty, too, same as the Bark did, and it was my job to be on hand. Maybe my idea of duty was different from the Bark's a little, but I aimed to do it anyway.

Just before we started, the young Farquahart girl stuck her head in the door and was promptly shoosed out again by the Bark. We left about ten minutes later to walk the half mile to where the Cartwright place stood on the outskirts of town. I hoped uncharitably that the

Mahoney's corns were bothering her.

As we walked in silence, I thought to myself how like a pack of wolves stalking an unsuspecting rabbit we were. I remembered how the Gilhooley girl had looked the first time I'd seen her, getting off the train, her face like tall summer clouds with the sun full-golden on their snowy pureness. With a grim glance at the stiff backs of the Bark and Mrs. Mahoney, I hugged a hopeful hunch about the evening's expedition to myself.

She came to the door before the chimes had stopped filling the warmly lighted fieldstone bungalow old Cartwright had built so lovingly. Her spun-butter hair was drawn back over her ears and her lips shared her smile with her eyes. The little blue ribbon that held her hair drooped and the smile faltered for a split instant when she saw who stood on her piazza. Recovering, she graciously opened her door and invited us in. Archie, who was supposed to be our spokesman, couldn't get any words out.

The living room was huge as I remembered it, but it had never looked anything like this in Cartwright's time. A cozy fire bloomed in the stone fireplace, for the night-chills swiftly in our town, and along every bit of polished wood in the room the fire's fingers danced. Gay curtains, gayer rugs and pictures were a gentle background to the loveliness of Antoinette Gilhooley. Her dress of a blue silk that matched her hair ribbon rippled over her firm, sweet figure as she took our wraps and motioned us to seats by the fire.

Out of one of the deeper chairs rose Maude Farquahart, smiling. Mrs. Mahoney chewed her thin lip but said nothing. The Bark gasped and looked meaningfully at our sheriff, as if to say, "Al-ready! You see?"

Antoinette came to sit with us, having put our things away, and the fire intensified the sparkle in her eyes. She showed no further sign of nervousness, I noticed. Archie was still trying to get his speech started. The Bark was glaring at him. But just as he opened his mouth, Antoinette smiled and said with a contented sigh, "Well, folks, I'm glad you waited till now to welcome me to town. I just finished the last of the decorating this afternoon. But I didn't"—her smile broke a little at one corner of her soft, full mouth—"expect you tonight, I must admit."

"I can imagine you didn't," said Mrs. Barkenfeist, clearing her throat and edging forward on her chair. "Let us come to the point right away. This is not a social visit. We have come to speak to you about the credenza!"

Antoinette started in surprise. I looked quickly at the Bark's face and noted her grim-lipped expression of

satisfaction. But the little Gilhooley girl was regaining her poise and laughing embarrassedly as I returned my glance to her.

"Well, word certainly doesn't lose any time getting around, does it?" she smiled. "I'd hoped to keep it a secret till . . . till . . ."

"It's no secret any more, girl," crackled the Bark, "and you may as well realize it. What about it?"

"I guess there's nothing to do but tell all, then," laughed Antoinette lightly. She rose and the firelight did things to her figure that made me think quickly of my Dotty, just to keep my balance. "But first, since you know so much already, I have an even better secret for you all. Especially you, mother Mahoney," she smiled down on old flat-head. She went to the foot of the stairs and called in a voice like silver music, "Jack! Oh, Jack dear! Come on down. The whole town's here. I think they suspect you're here, too." She turned to us with a mischievous twinkle. "He came by car just before dinner. He'll be . . ."

Down the stairs came thundering a tall, dark-haired youth in an officer's uniform. At first, in the firelit semi-darkness, I didn't recognize him. Mrs. Mahoney recognized him, though, and rushed from her chair screaming, "Jack! My son! My Jack! Oh, Lord preserve us! My own son in a credenza! Oh, my shame!" And she flung her arms around his neck and wept and sobbed.

Over her shoulder Jack Mahoney, as fine a boy as ever ran orders for me, shook hands with all of us, the men, that is, as we welcomed him home. The women, headed by the Bark, were torn between welcoming Jack home from the war and getting over their surprise at finding him in the Gilhooley credenza. This development would put a new twist in their plans, certainly.

Jack finally forged some order out of the general confusion, as an officer should, and got us seated again around the fire. His face outshone the blaze itself as he rose, put his arm around Antoinette's dizzyingly slender waist, and announced in a voice above his mother's muffled sobs, "Mom, friends and neighbors, I'd like to present my wife!"

Mrs. Mahoney fainted. The Bark nearly choked. For a breath-held spatter of seconds, only the fire's crackle on the hearth broke the silence in the room. Then with a roar we men crowded around them and wrung the boy's hand again, and some of them (though not I) even kissed the bride. Talk and laughter and hubbub filled the room for a good while after that. Mrs. Mahoney, forgotten in the rush, eventually came to, pushed her flat hat up off her eyes, and worried the edge of the circle around the young couple till somebody

recognized her and let her in to them. She had her arms around Antoinette when I decided the fire needed stirring.

Later, with Jack mixing cocktails almost as fast as we drank them (even the Bark had caught up with the party by then, though at first she had frowned at the sight of the shaker), things began clearing themselves up.

"As a matter of fact," Jack said, grinning while he poured his mother a Martini, "this is our first anniversary. We were married two weeks before I shipped out, and here we are together again, a year to the day."

"I can understand ye're keepin' it a secret from yer ould mither," said Mrs. Mahoney, in her excitement lapsing into her brogue, "but why Antoinette Gilhooley? Ain't the name yer father give ye as Irish as Gilhooley?"

"That was just to keep it dark from the town, Mom. I wanted Antoinette to come on here and grab the Cartwright place and get it ready for us, in case I . . . for when I returned. But I didn't want her to have any . . . er . . . help, you see. I wanted her to do it her way. I told her she could trust Maude Farquhart to keep the secret, just so she wouldn't be entirely without company. I had Antoinette's mother forward her allotment checks to her here under the name Gilhooley. That Miss her mother

used, absentmindedly, was about the only hitch, I guess. But that's all over now, isn't it, darling?" I gulped a whole cocktail so no one would see my confusion at the way they kissed.

The drink must've done it. I suddenly remembered what everyone else seemed to have forgotten. "The credenza!" I yelled. "Jack! Antoinette! For the love of an old friend, listen. I heard your lovely wife was *getting* a credenza, was *giving* one and had *gotten* one. That it was a shindig, a disease, a . . . a what-not and a . . . a whosis! We're curious, we are. What in glory is this credenza?"

Jack and Antoinette looked at each other and laughed. "Why," Jack grinned, "it's a piece of furniture, like a sideboard. I'm surprised nobody knew what it was. Mrs. Barkenfeist should have known. They were popular when she was a girl." The Bark flushed darkly and sipped her drink. "Well, I found a genuine Chippendale credenza in England and had it shipped here to Antoinette for an anniversary present. Only trouble was my letter telling about it got here prematurely yesterday, and the credenza missed its boat. But I didn't. So instead of her credenza, she got her husband back."

You could see by the look in her eyes how much she would have preferred the credenza.



Once the Mahoney began making with the gossip, she'd order no more

First Lady of Tabloids

By WILLIAM R. CONKLIN

When the "Daily News" was born, it was called a paper for people who can't read. Now nearly two and a half million readers buy it daily. What's the story behind it?

NEW YORK's lusty, gusty *Daily News* celebrated its twenty-eighth birthday last June with the comfortable knowledge that its daily circulation of 2,400,000 is more than double that of any newspaper published in the United States.

First called the *Illustrated Daily News*, the fledgling tabloid made its bow on June 26, 1919, with Captain Joseph Medill Patterson as publisher. Captain Patterson, a cousin of Colonel Robert R. McCormick, who publishes the *Chicago Tribune*, was also a brother of Eleanor Patterson, publisher of the *Washington Times-Herald*. For its first six months the journalistic infant struggled along amid jeers and predictions that it could not last. Printed on the rented presses of the old *New York Daily Mail*, the newspaper housed its staff in ramshackle quarters on the fringe of the Park Row newspaper domain. Its first editorial promised complete news coverage through concise stories and the best pictures that could be obtained.

"It's a paper for people who can't read," Park Row veterans sneered. "It's a tabloid for morons who just want to look at pictures." The same critics quickly decided that the newcomer was basing its appeal on the most lurid journalistic formula in the book: "Blood, Gold, and Sex."

As the tabloid turned the dizzy corner into the fabulous decade of 1920-1930, it seemed to confirm this impression. It wasn't merely the convenient size that

appealed to Westchester commuters and the city subway throng. The *News* gave what the postwar public of that decade wanted. It was the era of Legs Diamond, Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, and a fantastic underworld. It was the era of Lindbergh and transatlantic flights; the era of Jimmy Walker and political scandals; the era of luscious matrimonial tangles with millions agog over Daddy and Peaches Browning, the Rhinelander case, and Fifi Stillman's divorce. Lurid sex and homicide cases like the Hall-Mills and Snyder-Gray trials held shop girl and magnate enthralled. It was the jazz age, too, and flappers worshipped at the shrine of Rudolph Valentino.

The *News* gave the public what it wanted. Through its pages stalked the weird assortment of characters who held the stage in the Prohibition era. Killers, highjackers, liquor barons, dope peddlers, fancy ladies in their love nests shared the stories and pictures with transatlantic fliers, Channel swimmers, and other actors of the era. The less respectable elements got the heaviest play in the *News* because their japeries made more sensational reading.

While the older papers depended upon friendly contacts with the police to get tips and stories, the *News* wasn't above cultivating the friendly feeling

with a little well-placed cash. City cops and country sheriffs alike soon became aware that exclusive news and pictures had a cash value.

Due to Patterson's news sense, many of the big stories of the twenties received far better coverage in the *News* than elsewhere. He did not hesitate to throw out eight pages of advertising in order to cover the "Morro Castle" disaster. He went to unusual lengths to obtain news pictures and came up with some of the best news pictures of all time, such as the "Vestris" disaster picture. He got this by turning his whole picture staff loose on the rescue ship when it got to port in the hopes that some of the survivors had taken a picture on the scene. One had.

As circulation rose to 300,000 daily in 1920, the *News* was well over its growing pains. From that point on, its circulation and advertising gained steadily as it became a journalistic force of national proportions.

The *Sunday News* began publication in 1921 and has now reached a circulation of more than 4,800,000. As the paper's grip on the reading public became firmer, a Sunday Brooklyn section was started in 1924, followed by a daily Brooklyn section in 1925. The *News* opened its own Brooklyn plant with



The late Capt. Joseph M. Patterson, founder of the phenomenal "Daily News"

The News You Get -- X

color presses in 1927. Three years later, the paper opened its thirty-six story *News Building* on East Forty-Second Street, a far cry from the ramshackle rookery in which it first saw the light of day.

"The *Daily News* was built on legs, but when we got enough circulation, we draped them," Captain Patterson once remarked. The draping started after the crash in 1929. "We're off on the wrong foot," he told his editorial department. "The people's major interest is no longer in the playboy, Broadway, and divorces, but in how they're going to eat, and from this time forward we'll pay attention to the struggle for existence that's just beginning." He knew the average American would be sensitive in the pocketbook nerve from that point on.

In line with the publisher's doctrine, the lurid side of the news was toned down. While the basic Blood-Gold-Sex formula still sold more papers than anything else, the paper's content has now widened out to appeal to a great variety of reader interests. But even today, when a typical tabloid story breaks, the *News* staff lights on it like a bee on a posy.

BECAUSE Patterson laid down the policy at the beginning of the depression that "we'll pay attention to the news of things being done to assure the well-being of the average man and his family," it was but natural that the *News* became an unabashed champion of the New Deal. Unlike his cousin Colonel McCormick in Chicago, Captain Patterson became an enthusiastic supporter of Roosevelt and his social reforms. It took the issue of isolationism to drive the *News* into the same corner of the ring as the *Chicago Tribune*. Patterson broke with Roosevelt in 1940 because of his foreign policy.

A story commonly circulated has sought to explain this break by blaming it on Patterson's chagrin at not obtaining the post of Secretary of the Navy. The story goes that the publisher had been given to understand by Mr. Roosevelt that he would be named as Secretary of the Navy when a vacancy occurred. The vacancy did occur, the post went to Frank Knox, Chicago newspaper publisher, and Captain Patterson's break with the Administration followed.

As a matter of fact, this story is not true. Captain Patterson was offered the job as Secretary of Navy, but he turned it down. At that time there was talk of setting up a Cabinet office of Secretary of Air, and this was the post Patterson, ever interested in aviation (he himself learned to fly when he was past fifty and obtained a private pilot's license), wanted. The position, of course, was never created.

The real reason for the break with Roosevelt was on the basis of the Administration's foreign policy. The *News* supported the late President in his 1940 campaign. No sooner was he inaugurated than he launched his Lend-Lease plan. Seeing it as the prelude to active participation in the European conflict, the *News* attacked the bill introduced into Congress, called it "the Dictator Bill." By 1942, the paper was calling Roosevelt the "first Caesar" of the United States.

There was never a reconciliation, and in the 1944 election campaign the *News* literally crusaded against the fourth term. Patterson's bitterness against Roosevelt brought the *News* many new readers, chiefly among those die-hard Republicans who make their homes in wealthy Westchester County.

Reuben Maury, whose editorials won the Pulitzer Prize in 1940, still carries on the feud with the successors of the Roosevelt regime. Mr. Maury, who writes editorials for *Collier's Magazine* as well as for the *News*, has one of the most powerful editorial voices in the country with an estimated audience of 23,000,000 readers. Keying his approach to the average man in the street, Mr. Maury refrains from lofty sentiments and tortuous arguments. His editorial points are punchy, pithy, and devoid of qualifications or conditions. Editorially, the *News* likes to be neutral in nothing. It is either for or against, and it's all-out, either way.

Washington Columnist John O'Donnell barbecues Washington in his column each day, sometimes serving up a roast and sometimes a political stew. Undeterred by the fact that the late President Roosevelt once gave him an Iron Cross at a press conference, Mr. O'Donnell lashes away at the country's foreign policy and gives stanch expression to the extreme isolationism his

paper favors. There are no restrictions on O'Donnell's writing, so long as he follows the isolationist policy.

In its international viewpoint the *News* is still a leader among extremely isolationist newspapers, ranking with the *Chicago Tribune* in that respect. While it credited Roosevelt with some good domestic achievements, its opposition to his foreign policy has carried over to the Truman Administration. Favoring moderate gains for labor, it is outspoken against the excessive use of power by labor leaders. For years, *News* readers knew it was Monday morning when they read "Two Ships For One" on the editorial page. It opposes spending American money on other countries, especially those with Communist domination.

Washington's expensive bureaucracy is an ever-new target for the paper as it flays away for tax reductions. The *News* has favored Palestine immigration and has disapproved of the British mandate over Palestine. For years, it has plumped for a national lottery as a means of cutting the individual's Federal taxes.

Captain Patterson exercised a benevolent attitude toward the people who worked for him and liked to call them the "News Family." Promotions are made within the organization wherever possible. Since 1920 the *News* has paid a Christmas bonus to each employee, a rarity in newspaper circles. Starting fifteen years ago, the union employees went on a five-day week which they still retain. Labor's attitude toward the paper was reflected by John L. Lewis, who said the publisher's death had cost the country the loss of "one of its greatest citizens." The paper's internal labor policies meet the highest standards set by organized labor, though labor generally has cooled toward the *News* recently.

Captain Patterson got the idea for



Richard W. Clarke, executive editor of the "News" lunches with "Cissie" Patterson



John O'Donnell, "News" columnist

"New York's Picture Newspaper" after emerging from World War I as a field artillery captain. An individual of some strange contrasts, he had been born wealthy and forsook his class as a young man to become a Socialist for a short time. The warriors in his wartime outfit dubbed him "Aunt Nellie" because he fussed so much over their welfare. He watched the *News* for its first six months from Chicago, and came to New York only after he was pretty sure it had clicked.

During his lifetime Captain Patterson took a direct personal interest in news coverage, dealing directly with the reporters and editors on a story.

"When he asked you a question," one of his veteran reporters says, "you had better give him the right answer or tell him you didn't know. If you tried to bluff and he found out later that you had been wrong, he lost a great deal of respect for you. He could never be the same with you after that."

To an editor with whom he had a dispute, the publisher once said: "The fact that I disagree with you does not necessarily mean that you are wrong and I am right. The important thing is that I am in a position to get my way. And don't you ever forget that I do get my way!"

A firm believer in conducting his own reader-interest surveys, the publisher occasionally took his top executives on a jaunt around town after the paper had gone to bed. Prowling through subway cars, they noted how many riders were reading the *News*, and which features they were reading. Gregarious by nature, the publisher talked about the *News* to anyone he thought could give him a constructive idea about it. On a walk down the Bowery he would stop for a shoeshine and ask the bootblack: "Do you read the *News*?"



Reuben Maury, "News" editorial writer

What do you like about it? What don't you like about it?"

Cab drivers, bartenders, cooks in greasy-spoon lunchrooms, the cop on the beat, or any average man might find himself discussing the *News* with an affable stranger who looked pretty average himself.

Abraham Lincoln's observation that "The Lord must love the common people because he made so many of them" was a favorite Patterson maxim. Over the main entrance of the *News* Building, carved in stone, are the words: "He Made So Many Of Them."

PERHAPS the secret of so much of Patterson's success was that he was never out of touch with what people liked or thought or did. Rather shy himself, he was still able to penetrate the minds and hearts of people. And when he died, so well chosen and so well trained were those who worked with him, that the tradition carried on.

Patterson was only sixty-seven when he died May 26, 1946, in Doctors Hospital, New York City, fortified with the Last Sacraments of the Church. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery with Captain Roman T. Blatz, Catholic Chaplain of Arlington, reading the Catholic committal service. His will provided that his Ossining estate should be occupied by Mrs. Patterson during her lifetime and should then pass to Fordham University upon her death.

Since the publisher's death, many of his trusted associates carry on. Richard W. Clarke, executive editor of the *News*, has held a high editorial post for many years. Francis M. Flynn, business manager, is another executive of long service. Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, in addition to publishing the *Washington Times-Herald*, is chairman of the board of the *News* as well, but exercises no direct

control over the New York paper. The *Times-Herald* uses many of the *News*'s features, such as O'Donnell's column, the *News* editorials and reader services.

Compared with other newspapers, the New York tabloid goes to great lengths to provide engaging services for its readers. They include fashion tips, advice on etiquette, child raising, marital affairs, weddings and showers, cooking, home decoration, medicine, and advice for service men. Many of these neatly gotten out booklets are written by Antoinette Donnelly. Besides these brochures, there is the *News* Information Bureau whose boast is that it will get the answer to any reader's query if there is an answer to be had.

In addition to the reader services, Captain Patterson quickly recognized the grip that comic-strip characters had on his readers. He would spend considerable time with a comic strip artist, suggesting layouts and developments. He did not hesitate to outbid the market for strips he wanted.

Editorial cartoons, a daily feature, carry the isolationist message pretty consistently. Safe driving is emphasized with a cartoon feature called "Inviting the Undertaker," which has been running for years. The paper gets *Chicago-Tribune* foreign service as well as Associated Press and United Press, but maintains few correspondents abroad. It likes to digest foreign news and present it editorially in capsule form.

"The Voice of The People," a letters-to-the-editor feature appearing daily on the editorial page, gives full play to the vigorous complaints of the average reader. Public officials are roundly, and often humorously, abused in these letters for their shortcomings, real or fancied. President Truman may here find himself called "Horsemeat Harry" during a meat shortage, or a "stumblebum" when conditions are normal. Former Mayor La Guardia, first dubbed "Butch," was later referred to as "The Hat" in tribute to the black sombrero he affects.

A recent letter, headlined "SAYS WE'RE NO BARGAIN" read: "I can't agree that the *News* is mostly a fine paper. I think it's a lousy scandal sheet and I wouldn't waste even two cents to buy a copy. The only interesting things in your lousy paper are the Voice of The People and the Inquiring Photographer, and that's probably because they're written by non-*News* writers. I borrow the page containing said columns every day, so phooey on you."

The *News* can afford a sporting gesture by publishing critical letters. After all, it knows that more than 2,400,000 daily readers consider it a good two-cent's worth and that its influence is felt throughout the country. The color of that influence should be evident from the analysis here given.



Delegates to Chicago conference: Helen Connelly (Marymount), Frances Swain (Immaculate Heart), Barbara Smith (Mt. St. Mary's), William Richards (Loyola)

Students' Dilemma

By CLARENCE M. ZENS

DARE we collaborate in a movement dominated by Communists? Can we afford in these critical times to isolate ourselves from the rest of the world's students?

These weighty questions have leaped off the blackboards and out of the textbooks right into the laps of American Catholic college students. Early in September at a national convention at the University of Wisconsin, Catholic students, along with other American students, will be asked to vote on United States affiliation with the International Union of Students.

The IUS, created at Prague last August by students from thirty-nine nations, is, so far in the postwar period, the only attempt to unite college and university people on a world-wide, all-inclusive basis. Communists, by dint of hard work on their part and a great deal of inertia on the part of others, are in on the ground floor.

The IUS was first conceived at London in 1945, at the same World Youth Congress at which the World Federation of Democratic Youth was born. Students attending this meeting decided that there should be a collegiate body paralleling the WFDY, and they formed an Inter-

national Preparatory Committee which set the stage for a World Student Congress in Prague in 1946. Americans were allotted twenty-five places in the congress; of these the National Catholic Youth Council, representing the National Federation of Catholic College Students and the Newman Club Federation, was asked to fill four.

By spring of 1946, with the Prague congress drawing near, there was as yet no response from Catholic quarters. Perhaps none was expected: Catholic groups had never taken part in such undertakings. Other units were busy getting ready, among them the campus leftist organizations, the American Youth for Democracy, and the Association of Internes and Medical Students. They needed no prompting.

Then Father John Courtney Murray, Jesuit educator and writer, applied a jolt to Catholic students. He wrote in *America* that "the youth of the world is on the move," that these youth movements were going to help move the world in one direction or another, and that it was up to Catholic youth and its leaders to get in and march along with the quickest and surest step of all. He recommended specifically that Amer-

Can American Catholic students hope for success in a campaign to bring Christian ideals into a world-wide student union?

ican Catholic college students choose a group of well-trained delegates to represent them at Prague. His words led to action. The student congress invitation was accepted, and hectic days of briefing followed for a number of Catholic college students, from whom the four Prague delegates were chosen.

The Catholic delegates were well aware that the projected international union was likely to have an extreme left character. They were resolved to participate with reservations, and if the IUS emerged as an extension of Communist policy in the student field—as the World Federation of Democratic Youth by that time had in the international youth sphere—to gather all dissenting Christian-humanist elements and withdraw from the body with as much fanfare as possible, making it patent that the Union could not speak for all students.

The Soviet Union sent to Prague a top-grade leader, Orést Shevtsov, a man with reported U.N. experience, whose persuasive speeches and astute tactics commanded the respect even of the Catholics. With twenty-four Russian delegates solidly behind him on every issue, with the votes of the satellite countries just as completely his, and with scattered but well-timed support from the Communist sympathizers he was invincible. The IUS became an association to "ensure peace by fighting Fascism in all its forms." Fascism, of course, was not defined. In all Congress discussions, the intellectual approach was rejected in favor of a rampant emotionalism. At the same time a framework was constructed within which all national unions belonging to the IUS would have to carry out central IUS policy, and the governing structure was arranged in such a way that the permanent IUS staff, located in Prague and unquestionably to be picked from the 75 per cent Communist Central Union of Czecho-Slovak Students, would have great power in the making of that policy. The IUS was also allied to the World Federation of Democratic Youth.

In the face of all this, it may seem surprising that the American Catholic group did not walk ostentatiously out. The Netherlands delegation, with similar sympathies, did just that. The National Catholic Youth Council delegates, however, decided to stay around, at least for a while. They found that the Prague picture was not all black.

To give the IUS the prestige and representative character it must have to be admitted into UNESCO—one of its principal objectives (note here that though Russia has scorned to enter UNESCO on the national level, she is willing, even anxious, that the student organization she backs does become the UNESCO student spokesman)—the Communists found it mandatory to leave the door honestly open for majority rule. Who will say that a majority of the world's collegians are Communists?

SENSING the opportunity to build a democratic IUS, American Catholics reported: "Wisdom seems to argue for a penetration of it by Christian elements, rather than competition with it. The Union is a willing and able tool in the hands of the organized majority." They noted with interest that only Mexico, Brazil, Panama, and Cuba were represented from Latin America. If Catholic student organizations in other Latin American nations can be aroused to join the new body, they felt, the story might be different at the next IUS congress.

They noted, too, the key position of the United States relative to the IUS. The U.S., with its 2,500,000 college students, has not yet set up the requisite National Union of Students through which it can affiliate with the IUS. How badly the IUS needs a U.S. branch may be seen in the fact that the IUS made a move to be recognized by UNESCO last fall and was turned down because it was not sufficiently representative of the world's students.

Returning to America, they carried on correspondence with the student councils of every Catholic college and the presidents of all Newman Clubs, discussed the doings at Prague in numerous lectures and forums, and wrote several magazine articles about their work. They were convinced that "Catholics must not isolate themselves from the rest of the student world."

The result was that when America's students gathered at the University of Chicago, December 28-30, 1946, to consider plans for a national union of students and possible entry into the new international body, 150 representatives of Catholic campuses and Newman Clubs from coast to coast were on hand. It was quite an occasion: the first time Catholic college people in any number had taken part in U.S. nonsectarian student affairs. The power they derived from their unity awed even the persons who had worked to bring them together.

The signs at Chicago augured well for further efforts by Catholic collegians in concert with their non-Catholic brethren in this country. The vital question of whether American Catholic students can become the spearhead of a positive pro-

gram and rally their colleagues, first in the American union and later in the IUS, around Christian ideals and principles, remains just as much a question as it had been, however. Catholic student leaders are soberly cognizant of this.

They know that Catholics will always be welcomed as rank-and-file members in general student movements and that in some instances (such as at Chicago) they may be able to take a negative leadership, but they know too that when Catholics attempt—and are identified as Catholics in so doing—to move a general student group forward on their own lines, then they may expect to shake loose an appallingly formidable array of foes: the Communists; the professional Protestants, fearful of "Vatican plots"; and the so-called "Liberals," peculiarly numerous among students.

They see, too, a dilemma developing with regard to the IUS if American Catholics throw their weight behind the participation of this country and accomplish that end. With the United States once in, the IUS and its pro-Communist leaders can come to UNESCO as a full-fledged world organization. If the Communists cannot be ousted, then the Catholics would have to leave. But would the entire national unions of such influential nations as the United States withdraw their affiliation and deflate the international organization, which by that time would have acquired status and momentum in such spheres as student relief, student exchange, etc.?

► The churches of the land are sprinkled all over with bald-headed old sinners whose hair has been worn off by the friction of countless sermons that have been aimed at them and have glanced off and hit the man in the pew behind.

—H. W. BEECHER

Some groups in most countries could no doubt be persuaded to maintain their IUS affiliation and preserve the surface respectability of the overall body. In such a case the American Catholic college students would have supplied the tools to build a weapon for their deadly enemies.

On the other hand, if the Catholics fight to get a democratic leadership in IUS and eventually succeed, then what? The Russian students, together with the students from other Soviet-dominated countries, would likely take up their hats and go home, taking with them the chance to sell the future leaders of the now Communist lands on the positive, day-by-day value of Christian principles—which was the impelling reason for American Catholic participation in the first place. By winning, you lose.

This picture of the IUS future is

oversimplified—it does not take into account the vast propagandizing work that might be done by Christian groups before a showdown came, nor the possibilities in a program of unifying Western students under a positive Christian program even while struggling primarily to reduce Communist influence—but in its stark logic there is the stuff that makes thoughtful student leaders wrinkle their brows.

Why not stay within the friendly, familiar walls of Pax Romana and other purely Catholic organizations for students? Why not hold off and wait for an easier world-wide student movement to penetrate?

As they prepare for their difficult decision in September, Catholic students have one eye on these difficulties and the other on the tremendous possibilities that open out before them in the general movement.

THEY have before them very pertinent words from the Holy Father, who, for example, in talking to the Roman Nobles this year said that those who have a privileged place in the community—and he might have been talking to American college students, whose educational advantage gives them somewhat the same leadership in the American community as their inherited position gives the Roman nobility—have a very positive duty to serve in the work of rebuilding Christian civilization.

Despite all the uncertainties in current political life, the Pope emphasized, Christians cannot abstain. You must not be discouraged nor indifferent, he said. *You must not remain passive in the midst of ruins.* "Accept the present contingent order of things and direct it . . . toward the common good."

"You must not be discouraged." But does rejection of the International Union of Students imply discouragement, or, perhaps, prudence? "You must not remain passive." Does entrance into the IUS satisfy the need for action by Christians or does it merely substitute a rash, unfruitful action for no action at all?

These questions will be squarely before Joe Marquette and Sally Marygrove and Bill Undergrad of the Newman Club at State U as they gather with their fellows of all creeds and hues on the shores of Wisconsin's Lake Mendota.

EDITORS' NOTE—A well-rounded account and analysis of the proceedings before, during, and after Prague has been published under the title, *Operation University*. It is available at the headquarters of the J.C.S.A., 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington 5, D.C. Paper bound, 42 pages, single copies, \$1.00.



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The Norm of Morality

Recently I heard the following principle expressed: "I believe that the morality of an act should be judged by its effect on others. If what I do harms no one, then that particular act cannot be construed as immoral."

Personally I feel that the answer to the above is that we have a moral responsibility toward others, but it seems to me that this responsibility stems from the assumption that we possess an immortal soul.

I shall appreciate your comments on this question of the morality of human acts.—M.C., BRONX, N.Y.

Both above statements are true as far as they go, but neither gives a complete answer to the general question of the morality of human acts.

Man is a social being and in his various associations with his fellow man he must be governed by a moral code. To attempt, however, to limit the idea of morality solely to this particular field would result in confining it within too narrow limits.

The immortality of the soul certainly must be considered in any adequate system of morality, and later we shall attempt to show why this is so.

The inquiry of our correspondent brings up the question of the norm of morality. A norm is a measure or standard. The norm of morality is that measure or standard by means of which it can be determined whether human acts are good or evil. Is there such a norm?

Before answering this question, we must state that there are certain postulates which must be assumed in the discussion of this problem. We must postulate the existence of God, and that God is the creator and ruler of the universe. We also postulate that God is man's final end, that the human soul is immortal, and that man possesses free will. These are not arbitrary assumptions, for they can be rationally proved and are demonstrated when they are discussed in their proper places in the systematic treatment of philosophical problems. It is only in relation to the particular question of the morality of human acts that they are postulates.

All created or contingent beings owe their existence to God. As Creator, God acts intelligently. Just as in the mind of the artisan there exists a conception or idea of the things he will make by means of his skill, so there should pre-exist in the mind of a capable ruler an idea or ordination of reason by means of which he guides those whom he governs. As Creator, God has established all things in accordance with

His divine ideas, and consequently something of God is reflected in the natures of created beings. Moreover, God has not left created beings to shift for themselves aimlessly. He created them for an end or purpose. That end or purpose is, first of all, the perfection of the individual being according to its nature that thus it may contribute to the common good of the universe. The ultimate end or purpose is the glory of God. The plan in the mind of God which is directive of all acts and motions that they may contribute to the common good of the universe is called the eternal law.

The eternal law applies to all creatures and directs them in a manner consonant with their natures. The material universe acts of necessity in conformity with the eternal law. Man, however, has a nature which in its rational part is free. As a bodily being, man acts in accordance with physical laws; so does he also in those animal and vegetable functions which are proper to his nature but not under the control of his will. But in matters that lie under his free control, that is, human acts, man is not coerced by the eternal law.

Morality pertains to free activity. If man has not free will, it is a waste of time to discuss morality, just as it would be to discuss the morality of a stone, a tree, or a horse.

When we speak of the morality of acts, we have in mind some quality, over and above their mere physical being, according to which certain free acts are called good and others designated bad.

What in general constitutes the goodness of an act? A little reflection reveals that the goodness of an action has to do with its suitability to the nature from which it proceeds. Everything, in conformity with the eternal law, acts for its good, and that good is the perfection or excellence of the agent. Irrational beings tend to this of necessity, by nature and instinct. Since free human activity, like every other activity of the universe, is subject to the eternal law, how does it contribute to the good of human nature from which it proceeds? It does so when man acts in conformity with his rational nature. Now the distinguishing characteristics of rational nature are reason and will by which man is able to choose the actions which are suitable to his nature, or at least appear to be so. In this matter reason is not infallible; it may surrender control to the passions or the will. As the reason errs or fails of control, so will the will err in its choice of what is good.

On the basis of the principles stated above, the scholastic philosophers have established *right reason* as the proximate norm of morality. This does not mean that each individual sets a norm of morality for himself. It means that if human

nature is viewed adequately, that is in all its intrinsic and extrinsic relationships, reason can determine what is in conformity with or suitable to human nature, and consequently what is perfective of or good for human nature. We speak of the intrinsic and extrinsic relationships of human nature. Intrinsically and essentially there is in man a subordination of his vegetative to his sensitive faculties, and of his sensitive to his rational life. Right reason will judge as good only actions which are in conformity with this subordination. Extrinsically and essentially man is a contingent being with a relationship of dependence on God; a social being with a relationship of equality with his fellow men; and he is a proprietary being with a relationship of stewardship over irrational creatures. Right reason will not recognize as really good those actions which imply the nonexistence of God. It will not recognize as really good those actions which are contrary to the rights and duties involved in the social structure. It will not recognize as right those actions which make man the slave of irrational creatures, and do not enable him rather to utilize them merely as a means to a higher good.

The ultimate rule of morality is the Divine Reason, or the eternal law. The eternal law is the ultimate rule of morality, for it is with that law that the judgment of human reason must agree in order to be right. Human reason is not a rule of morality except inasmuch as it is right, and it is right only when it conforms to the truth of things. Human reason does not establish the truth of things but only discovers it. When reason judges correctly of what is suitable to human nature to attain its perfection, it becomes conformed in its own imperfect manner to the Divine Reason according to which all things are made, and which directs them toward their natural ends.

Admittedly, the above is abstract. It is the result of the intellect's analyzing the nature of man and his activity and formulating general principles on the basis of that analysis.

For practical morality, however, it is not necessary for the individual to understand the process by which the concepts of the proximate and ultimate norms of morality are arrived at, nor is it necessary to have a distinct knowledge of the norms themselves. Morality is bound up with human nature, and every normal individual feels the obligation of observing the moral order. It is indisputable that in consequence of a poor, or even a bad, education, or because of perversion which results from evil habits, the knowledge of the moral order may be very imperfect and obscure. Yet any normal man, normally developed, is able to distinguish between what is morally good and morally bad. St. Paul bears witness to this truth when he says of those who had not the law of Moses: "When the Gentiles who have no law do by nature what the Law prescribes, these having no law are a law unto themselves. They show the work of the Law written in their hearts. Their conscience bears witness to them, even when conflicting thoughts accuse or defend them" (Rom. 1:14, 15). This does not mean that there is a natural law written in the human heart in the form of ready-made moral principles and specific judgments. What is meant is that man has a natural aptitude to acquire moral principles and understand their application to specific cases.

History shows that man is capable of failing to observe the natural moral order and of involving himself in many and grave errors. To enlighten the human mind in moral matters, God has supplemented the natural moral law by positive revelation. This revelation is contained in the Old and the New Testaments. The Mosaic Law was an exposition of the natural law, and also set up a constitution for the Jewish theocratic state. This supplement to the natural law was necessary because of the clouding of the human mind by sin and the danger of moral perversion threatening the Jews from powerful pagan neighbors. It was also necessitated by man's supernatural destiny. Because man actually has a supernatural destiny, no system of purely natural morality will

ever be adequate. To attain his supernatural destiny, which means the possession of God for all eternity, man needs revelation to show him the way to the kingdom of God, and divine help to assist him to follow that way. This divine revelation, which began in the Old Testament, was completed by the Son of God, Jesus Christ.

The New Law was announced to the world by the Apostles on Pentecost day. This law is not to be understood as a collection of legalistic formulas, but rather as the whole content of the Gospel. The law of the New Testament is absolute for all times and all men, being nothing else than the manifestation of the will and nature of God.

The moral life of man is also guided by human law, both civil and ecclesiastical. The rightful bearer of authority has the right to enact laws. The purpose of such laws is the attainment of the proper ends of civil and ecclesiastical society—ends which have been established by God. Because it is necessary for the welfare of man that those ends be attained, laws established for that purpose participate in the eternal law and bind in conscience.

We shall sum up what has been stated above. The moral law is knowable to reason, for the due regulation of free actions, in which morality essentially consists, is simply their right ordering with a view to perfecting our rational nature. Right reason is therefore taken as the proximate norm or measure for the morality of human acts. We must insist, however, that the ultimate norm of morality and the basis of morality is found in the eternal law which is that ordination of the mind of the Creator who fashioned our nature and determined the way by which rational creatures are to perfect themselves. Because there is in our present state a certain obscurity in reason's vision of the moral law, together with a craving for independence and a lack of complete control over the passions, divine revelation together with just civil and ecclesiastical laws supplement man's knowledge of morality and indicate in very definite precepts what he is to do to perfect himself, not merely as an isolated individual, but as a member of society and as a creature of God with a supernatural destiny.

Clerical Celibacy

I was asked why the candidates for ordination in the Roman Rite must be single while the Church permits married men to be ordained in the Oriental Rites. I answered that there is no law forbidding priests to marry but that from the beginning of the Christian era, priests have voluntarily vowed celibacy. Am I right?—M.P., ELIZABETH, N.J.

Several times the question of clerical celibacy has been discussed in the Sign Post, and so at present we shall confine ourselves to a brief resumé of the matter.

Christ and his Apostles, though recognizing matrimony as a holy state, taught the superior merit of voluntary continency, especially for those who devote themselves to God and His divine ministry. However, Christ did not make celibacy a condition of the priesthood.

In the beginning of the Christian era there was a variation in practice, but gradually it became the custom for those destined for the priesthood not to marry. This was done in conformity with the teaching of St. Paul: "He who is unmarried is concerned about the things of the Lord, how he shall please God. Whereas he who is married is concerned about the things of the world, how he may please his wife; and he is divided" (Cor., 7:32, 33). What began as custom became a requirement in the Western Church, and the obligation of celibacy was imposed by Church law on all who wished to be ordained. No one is obliged to be a priest, but if he voluntarily chooses that vocation he also voluntarily accepts the obligation of celibacy which goes with it.

Accordingly, our correspondent is not correct in believing

there is no law imposing the obligation of celibacy on those who are ordained in the Roman Rite. Furthermore, Holy Orders is an invalidating impediment to marriage.

In the East, the custom of clerical celibacy never assumed the status it gained in the West. That is why it has not been imposed as a law and married men are permitted to receive Holy Orders. What was customary and has become a law for the Eastern Rites is that priests are not allowed to marry after ordination, either to take a wife for the first time or to remarry after the death of a wife married before ordination. Bishops are chosen from the unmarried members of the clergy.

Number of Priests in Spain

A non-Catholic friend asserted that before the republican regime started to persecute the Church in Spain, one man in every seven in Spain was a priest. Can you tell me if this is correct or approximately what the figures were at that time?—D. B. F., YOUNGSTOWN, O.

First of all we must be careful about the use of "republican" as a label for regimes in Spain. In 1931, a republican form of government was adopted, but from the very beginning it was manipulated by the leftists to gain control for themselves. The so-called Popular Front took control in 1936 and in a short time all semblance of a legitimate government disappeared. The extreme leftists prepared by murder and destruction to bring about "the dictatorship of the proletariat," and the first victims of their fury were the Church and all those who stood for real democratic government. It was against this usurpation of power by the anarchists and the elements under the control of Moscow that the Spanish Army revolted. With the support of the majority of the Spanish people, victory was achieved in 1939 over the leftists and their international allies. We must mention this in the interests of objective truth, and to state that there was no republican government in Spain when the Army determined to fight to save Spanish culture and civilization.

The strongest weapon of the leftists was propaganda. An example is the pretended statistics quoted in the question of our correspondent. It is nothing more than a bold lie, on a par with the other falsehood about the immense wealth of the Church and the clergy in Spain. Unfortunately, many who would not want a Red dictatorship in America have lent a sympathetic ear to this kind of propaganda, and believe the fairy tale that the Spanish Civil War was a struggle of the poor and oppressed against the monarchists, the wealthy, the clergy, etc., all of whom are labeled Fascists in the usual manner of Red terminology.

The latest statistics on the Church in Spain previous to the Civil War which we have available are those contained in Streit's *Atlas Hierarchicus* for 1924. These are quoted in Father Gerein's *Spain, Yesterday and Today*, and we hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to this work. In 1924, and there could not have been much change in the next decade, there were in Spain 33,000 secular priests and 6,800 priests who were members of religious orders. This means that there was one priest for about every 600 Catholics, men and women. This certainly is a far cry from the purported statistics claiming that one of every seven Spanish males was a priest.

It may help to understand the Spanish situation if we consider some statistics of our own country. According to the *Catholic Directory* for 1946, there were 39,166 bishops and priests to serve a Catholic population of 24,402,124. If our division is correct, that means one priest or bishop for slightly more than every 600 Catholics in the United States. In other words we have the same proportion of priests to our Catholic population as did Spain before the Civil War.

For all Protestant and Jewish religious groups, the *Year Book of American Churches*, 1937 Edition, gives a total mem-

bership of 42,068,875. The number of clergy serving this group is listed as 213,061. This means one clergyman for approximately each 197 church members.

It must also be remembered that the present number of priests in Spain has been greatly reduced because of the war. This is due to the impossibility of training seminarians in many parts of the country during the upheaval and to the Red policy of murdering Catholic priests and members of religious orders. The number of assassinations of religious persons perpetrated by the Red government totaled 13 bishops, 5,255 priests, and 2,669 monks and nuns.

Before concluding it will be well to recall that the anti-Catholic and anti-Spanish bias of many English historians and writers prepared a fertile soil for Red propaganda in America.

Jews as Wanderers

What is the teaching on the Jews' being a "wandering race," without a homeland of their own? What would be the significance of their obtaining a home in Palestine?—T. MC D., SCRANTON, PA.

There is no teaching of the Catholic Church about the Jews' necessarily being a "wandering race." As a matter of historical fact they have been such since the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70 A. D. The fate which overtook Jerusalem was not due solely to political issues. Our Lord wept over the city when He foretold its future destruction, and at the close of His ministry in the Holy City uttered the lament: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou who killest the prophets, and stonest those who are sent to thee! How often would I have gathered thy children, as the hen gathers her young under her wings, but thou wouldst not! Behold, your house is left desolate." (Matt., 23:37,38)

These words clearly indicate that rebellion against God, and especially the rejection of the Messiah, merited the punishment which overtook the Holy City. It was not entirely a matter of physical destruction. It was also to mark the end of the Temple and its sacrifices as the center of Jewish religious life.

The establishment of a homeland in Palestine will have no effect on the religious history of the Jews. Since their rejection of Christ their position relative to the revelation of God is not the same as they occupied before that national tragedy.

Scriptural Text

Exactly what is meant by Our Lord's words "Take up his cross and follow me"?—M. K., CLEVELAND, O.

These words are part of the text: "Then Jesus said to his disciples, 'If anyone wishes to come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me' (Matt., 16:24). Parallel passages are found in Mark, 8:34-39 and Luke, 9:23-27.

This passage is intimately connected with those that immediately precede where Christ foretold His sufferings and resurrection. Peter had chided the Master, saying: "Far be it from thee O Lord; this will never happen to thee." The Lord severely rebuked Peter with the words, "Get behind me, satan, thou art a scandal to me; for thou dost not mind the things of God, but those of men."

When He said that a true disciple must "take up his cross," Christ used "figurative language borrowed from the custom of the time according to which a man condemned to crucifixion had to carry his own cross to the place of execution. St. Luke makes it more evident that a metaphor is being used by adding the word 'daily.' The cross that the follower of Christ must willingly embrace is any suffering, even martyrdom itself, that results from being a disciple of Christ." (Commentary on the N. T., Cath. Biblical Assoc.)



A German smelting plant. All nonmilitary industry must be revived

Three Lions Photos

“ONE thing is beyond all doubting. The fruits and the repercussions of victory have been, up to the present, not only of indescribable bitterness for the defeated, but for the victors too they have proved to have been a source of untold anxiety and danger.” (Pope Pius XII, in his Christmas address to the College of Cardinals in 1946.)

America's postwar policy toward Germany has been a subject heavily charged with emotion. The philosophy and practice of Nazism have aroused world-wide horror. The unloosing of the Second World War by Hitler was a sequel to savage persecution of political opponents and racial minorities in Germany.

The war was carried on with calculated and ruthless ferocity. The maniacal extermination of millions of Jews on purely racial grounds was only the worst of many atrocities that made Nazism an abomination to civilized human beings. Many of the most courageous spirits in France and other European lands perished in the resistance movements. There was cold-blooded, systematic looting and exploitation of occupied countries.

In view of this background, it is natural that there should have been a fierce desire for revenge in some circles and a more general desire to blot Germany off the face of the map and forget about it. But, however understandable these feelings may be, they do not add up to a coherent and feasible American policy.

Germany has been so broken and shattered by the last war that there is no serious prospect that it can launch another war within any predictable future. But a Germany denied reasonable means of earning a national livelihood, even on a low subsistence basis, a Germany where people see no hope for the future, can easily become a hotbed of desperate adventures, a pawn in the struggle of power politics, the cause, although not the initiator, of another world conflict.

America has a threefold stake—political, economic, and moral—in German regeneration and peaceful economic rehabilitation. Politically, it is our interest to see that Christian, Western-oriented, genuinely liberal and democratic forces shall succeed where leaders of the Weimar Republic failed, and to create in Germany conditions of peaceful, stable self-government.

Economically, we cannot hope for European revival without getting the vast German workshop in order and allowing and encouraging it to work again, for the self-support of the Germans and the benefit of all Europe.

Morally, Germany is one of the great proving grounds in the struggle that is shaking all Europe today between West-

We are failing in Germany on three fronts but have not yet lost our stake there

Our Stake in

ern conceptions of liberty and the sanctity of individual human life and Eastern totalitarianism.

After spending several weeks in the American and British zones of Germany last summer, I regretfully came to the conclusion that Anglo-American occupation policy had been a failure on all three counts, political, economic, and moral. The only consolation, it seemed to me, from the American standpoint, was that the Russians had done so much worse in their occupation zone that there is little prospect of the emergence of a strong, indigenous German Communist movement.

I discussed the relative unpopularity of the occupation regimes with a group of anti-Nazi Germans, including survivors of the plot against Hitler's life, in Berlin. They complained, with good reason I thought, of some of the American occupation practices: wholesale requisitioning of houses in half-ruined cities which were already fearfully overcrowded, looting and occasional violence, and certain master-race affectations, which seemed all too reminiscent of the Nazis. Germans were given “Jim Crow” washroom facilities in some public places; there was a ban on bringing Germans, even as guests of Americans, into certain hotels, etc.

But when I put the question to these Germans whether they would like to see the Americans and British leave, with the Russians alone remaining, there was a loud and convincing chorus of “No.” The Russian record in raping and looting is worse than that of any of the other occupying powers. And, although the discipline of Soviet troops has been somewhat tightened up, Russia now has nothing to offer to Germany except a junior partnership in the lowest living standard in Europe.

A time may come when Russia and Germany may trade on an equal basis to their mutual benefit. But now the Russians are mercilessly milking their occupation zone in Germany. They have carried off much factory equipment and they live off the country.

However, the Western powers so far have little reason to be satisfied with the results of their own occupation policies. It is not a healthy situation, from the standpoint of humanity or economic common sense, when the United States

in Germany

By

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

and Great Britain in 1946 spent over half a billion dollars on occupation and feeding costs in Germany, and yet were able to give the German city population only a semi-starvation diet.

In fairness one must recognize that the task of promoting democracy in Germany and creating the first condition of free self-government, a tolerable standard of living, was far from easy. Germany took a terrific pounding from the air, which destroyed at least half of almost all its cities with a population of over a million. The French and the Russians, for different reasons, withdrew their zones from a united administration and managed them as separate units.

The original splitting up of Germany into these four zones of occupation (only recently relieved to some extent by the economic fusion of the American and British zones) has been a main cause of economic paralysis and impoverishment. And a people that has just emerged from twelve years of totalitarian terror is obviously handicapped in creating self-governing institutions overnight.

Yet, when one has made all reasonable allowances, the fact of failure in the three fields—political, economic, and moral—is discouraging and unmistakable. The causes of this failure must be frankly faced and cured, if our policy of promoting European revival independently of what Russia may do is to stand any chance of success.

Our political failure has emphatically not been a matter of being too lenient with Nazis, despite assertions to this effect that are the stock-in-trade of the Moscow radio and are often parroted by left-wing organs in this country. At the time of my visit to Germany about 75,000 persons were interned as dangerous Nazis in the American zone. There were about 50,000 prisoners of this type in the British zone.

No doubt there were cases of mistake and individual injustice in these internments. But the great majority of what might be called malignant Nazis, those who ran the party machine and were directly responsible for crimes of oppression, brutality, and robbery, have already been purged by this internment procedure. Insofar as these men are not accused of specific war crimes they will

be turned over to German courts under a denazification law which provides sentences of confinement at hard labor for Nazis convicted of being "major offenders," together with confiscation of most of their property and civic outlawry for ten years. During this period the "major offender" may not engage in any profession or hold any employment except as a common laborer.

The actual fault of our denazification policy is that it has been far too sweeping and indiscriminate. A purge that punished a few thousand conspicuously guilty individuals would have been an excellent start for a new democratic Germany. But a purge in which millions of people are forced to clear themselves through the slow and cumbersome process of the denazification tribunals and are often debarred from practicing their profession in the meantime makes no sense, politically or psychologically. Denazification in this form has been a political boomerang.

The result of this arbitrary and bureaucratic purge has been to create a general sense of fear and insecurity, to lower professional competence, and to create a large class of social pariahs, debarred from working at their normal occupations, who will be easy converts for Communist or extreme nationalist propaganda. It is high time for a change. What is needed is speeding up of prosecution against individuals against whom there is evidence of individual brutal and criminal action and a quashing of procedure in other cases.



German workmen. Contact with American unionists would help them

There has also been political failure in the sense of failing to give positive support to those proved anti-Nazi Germans who should take the lead in filling the vacuum created by the fall of Hitlerism. Perhaps this responsibility is shared between the Military Government and agencies in Washington. What is important is the existence of a negative and sterile policy, rather than the identity of the persons responsible for it.

It is sometimes advanced as a proof of a supposedly unregenerate character that the average German shows little sense of war guilt. But it is only human nature to feel and resent more deeply the injuries which one knows one's countrymen, perhaps one's family, have suffered, than those which have been inflicted upon foreign peoples and which have been kept secret by wartime censorship. Every German knows from experience the fearful rain of death and destruction on German cities. Every German knows from experience or from eyewitness stories the fearful outrages which accompanied the Soviet sack of Berlin, the cruelties which were visited upon the millions of Germans who were driven as beggared refugees from their homes in the Sudetenland or in the German provinces east of the Oder and Neisse rivers.

What Germany needed after the war was a flood of foreign visitors and literature from free countries. During my visit to Germany I met a few American trade unionists who were resuming contacts with German trade-union organizations.

Their effect on the morale of Germans who are opposed to Communism and to any relapse into Nazism was most beneficial. But there should have been far more direct contacts between the Western world and Germany through churches, universities, trade unions, and similar agencies. Well-educated and Western-oriented Germans were starved for information about America and Britain, while the Soviet zone was flooded with Communist propaganda.

The economic failure has been even more conspicuous than the political failure. Indeed, I often felt that until the rations of the German city population are at least doubled all talk about re-education in the ways of democracy is almost meaningless. Democracy has never thrived on empty stomachs. When a person falls below a certain subsistence level of nourishment, he loses all capacity for taking an interest in abstract ideas.

Hamburg, one of Germany's largest cities and formerly its most flourishing port, will always remain to me a ghastly memory from 1946, when I saw it as a city without food, without work, almost without news from the outside world, and quite without hope. At the time of my visit the basic daily ration for months had been about 1,000 calories, barely half the minimum health requirement, substantially less than half of what the hard-pressed British are eating at home. Cases of collapse at work in factories and offices from malnutrition were frequent. The hospitals reported many cases of hunger edema, the swelling of the stomach which marks an advanced state of malnutrition.

The extreme shortage of food in the German cities is accompanied by indescribably bad housing conditions and by lack of clothing, shoes, and household equipment. The situation is aggravated by the needs of millions of refugees who have been dumped into Germany. Bats and owls, rats and weasels have taken over the vast bombed ruins of what were once flourishing residential districts.

But it would certainly be a grave error to regard the German problem as one of temporary food shortage, to be relieved by emergency shipments. Mr. Herbert Hoover showed keen discernment when he refused to go to Germany on a mission restricted to food investigation. He accepted the President's invitation only when he received authorization to study all aspects of the German economy.

The key to removing the burden of supporting the Germans indefinitely on a pauperized basis from the backs of the American and British taxpayers is to be found in not only permitting but encouraging the revival of German non-

military industry, commercial shipping, and foreign trade.

The highly urban and thickly populated American and British zones could never raise enough food for their needs. Even if the Soviet Union would finally consent to economic unification of Germany, the need for substantial foreign trade, with exchange of manufactured products for foodstuffs and raw materials, would remain. Germany has lost about one fifth of its territory and one fourth of its arable land as a result of the annexation of the territory east of the Oder and Neisse rivers by Poland and of the Koenigsberg area by Russia.

Within this shrunken area it must support a population larger than in prewar times, because room must be found for many millions of uprooted refugees. But under the terms of the Potsdam Agreement of August 2, 1945, as amplified by the level of industry agreement, published by the Allied Control Council on March 28, 1946, German industrial output is to be limited to about half the 1938 figure, or about to the level of 1932, a year of extreme depression and mass unemployment. With its agricultural area diminished by one fourth, with its industrial output cut down to one half the figure for a normal prewar year, Germany is supposed to support a larger population within shrunken frontiers.

This is sheer economic madness. The only alternatives that would open up for Germany, if the Potsdam and level-of-

► One way to avoid having enemies is to outlive them.

industry schemes were maintained, would be the death of a large part of its population through undernourishment or the permanent subsidization of the Germans, on a sub-WPA basis, to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars a year in United States funds.

Fortunately, there is a better solution. This is to scrap the Potsdam and level-of-industry restrictions lock, stock, and barrel and tell the Germans they will have both the opportunity and the responsibility to look out for themselves, subject only to the condition that they should not manufacture arms. All other limitations on German industry should be scrapped forthwith. This would achieve two highly desirable purposes. It would put an end to the situation, at once stupid and inhuman, under which we have been giving the Germans too much to die on, not enough to live on, in order to prevent them from supporting themselves. And it would set the German workshop humming again to relieve the shortage of machinery and goods in other European lands.

The occupation has been a moral failure because of the wide discrepancy between the words and deeds of the Western powers. The political and economic treatment of Germany has definitely not been compatible with the professed war aims of the allied powers, as expressed in the Atlantic Charter. It would be difficult to dispute this judgment of Lord (formerly Sir William) Beveridge, who declared, after a visit to Germany:

"In a black moment of anger and confusion at Potsdam in 1945 we abandoned the Atlantic Charter of 1941, which had named as our goals: For all nations improved labor standards, economic advancement, and social security; for all states, victor and vanquished, access on equal terms to the trade and to the raw materials of the world, which are needed for their economic prosperity. From Potsdam instead we set out on a program of lowering the standard of life in Germany, of destroying industry, of depriving her of trade. The actions of the Allies for the past fifteen months in Germany make the Atlantic Charter a hypocrisy."

The German who disliked Nazi tyranny and thought control cannot understand why there was so much delay and difficulty in giving him access to foreign newspapers and magazines after the end of the war, or why the German press and radio are not freer than they are today. He has seen Nazi leaders judged and condemned to death for the abominable practice of compelling foreigners to work under slave conditions in Nazi Germany. He cannot understand the moral consistency of holding millions of German war prisoners under slave labor conditions, not only in Russia, but in western countries like Britain, France, and Belgium.

What is at stake in Germany today is far more important than what is at stake in Greece and Turkey. It is nothing less than the success or failure of American foreign policy that hangs in the balance. We can repeat to France and to the smaller countries of Western Europe our previous offer of a long-term pact of guaranty against any revival of German aggression. What we cannot and must not do is to listen to voices of blind revenge in Europe and in our own country to such a degree as to turn Germany into a gigantic, festering slum without work, food, or hope. If we turn our faces firmly and definitely away from that kind of counsel and heed the statesmanlike observation of Pope Pius XII, cited at the beginning of this article, we may turn what has so far been democratic failure in Germany into success. The situation in Central Europe is desperately grave, but not yet hopelessly lost.

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL ON MATTERS OF GREAT OR LITTLE MOMENT

Laugh And Be Healthy

► YOUR CHANCES of a long and healthy life are better if you break loose with a hearty laugh occasionally, according to George W. Kisker, writing in "MacLean's Magazine." Some excerpts:

Even the deepest breathing won't ventilate the lungs so thoroughly as a few seconds of hearty laughter. The total capacity of the average pair of lungs is about 3,500 cubic centimeters or ten times as much as is taken in with breathing.

Hearty laughter makes us tingle with vitality because the increased amount of air taken into the lungs helps refresh—or oxidize—the blood. In the course of a single minute all of the blood in the body passes through the lungs. The entire body—including the brain—is exposed to an increased amount of oxygen for every sixty seconds of laughter. It pays to laugh long and hard.

Laughter is good insurance against lung disorder at all ages. The heart, too, can be helped by laughter. When we laugh, the heart is lifted up and down by the diaphragm with such force that it beats faster and stronger. If you don't believe it, feel your pulse just before you laugh heartily. Then feel it again after laughing for a few moments. The pulse wave is stronger and there are more beats per second. A laugh gives your heart a good workout.

The liver, too, reaps the benefits of good humor and laughter. If you laugh with—and after—your meals you are likely to have a much better digestion than if you eat in solemn silence. Since exercise of the liver helps it to produce more bile, there is good reason for laughter at mealtime and afterward.

Ice Cream

► SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION on the ice cream industry is contained in an article by C. Lester Walker in "Nation's Business." A few paragraphs:

Any account of the ice cream business should begin by stressing the fact that the American appetite for this ambrosia is no trivial matter.

Every year Americans eat about 500,000,000 gallons. That is a lot. If you will pile it all up, it is big enough to ski down—an alp a quarter of a mile around at the base and 150 feet high.

The business is fairy-tale-like in its immensity. How many of you ice cream gourmets, who help put away 4,000 quarts in every minute of every day, are aware that, to keep this divine nectar cooling the great American palate, the industry buys a Mississippi of milk every year—about 6,000,000,000 pounds in a year.

Every year for ice cream alone 70,000,000 pounds of fruit ripen in the American sun. Thirty million pounds of strawberries and 13,000,000 of peaches are included. Nine million pounds of nuts go into it and onto it—7,600,000 of pecans alone.

Your Voice Box

► THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPHS on the larynx are taken from an article by James F. Bender, Ph.D., in "Science Digest":

Most uncultivated American (speaking) voices bump along monotonously on a few notes until called upon to express pain, rage, excitement, or song. Actors and accomplished speakers, like Orson Welles and Katherine Cornell, or Governor Thomas E. Dewey and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, use much wider inflections. Once in a blue moon a singer is discovered with a stretch of four or five octaves.

Yet, according to Dr. Robert Curry, you cannot tell by any anatomical means the larynx of a prima donna from that of a woman who has the voice of an old crow, the reason being that voices are differentiated in amplification, overtones, etc., and controlled by hearing. . . .

Birds, excepting vultures and condors, have a primitive type of larynx called *syrynx*, which they use with great efficiency. If the human larynx could produce as much sound proportionately as a canary's *syrynx*, a man standing on top of the Empire State Building could project his voice above the Times Square mid-day din without any difficulty—a distance of ten long blocks.

Loudest-voiced people are the Tartars, with the Germans close second. Among the softest spoken are the natives of some south sea islands. Most powerful individual voices perhaps are developed by the Mohammedan Muezzins, who brace themselves by grasping the balustrade of the minaret as they deliver the call to prayer.

Coney Island barkers usually "set" the larynx by holding a can with both hands to get better voice projection. Some authorities, such as V. E. Negus, point to the possibility of work songs, deep-sea chanties, and levy chants, e.g., *Song of the Volga Boatman*, as growing out of the necessity to tense the chest and larynx in pulling or lifting in unison.

Baseball: Japanese Style

► FROM AN ARTICLE by Herbert W. Wind in "Sports Magazine" we reprint the following excerpts on the Nipponese version of our national pastime:

Baseball is one of the few things the Japanese have borrowed from the Western world that they understand honestly, love sincerely, and pursue instinctively. The Japs play baseball because they like the game and not because they wish to seem up-to-date.

Banned during the war, baseball made a comeback in Japan immediately after hostilities ceased. Considering the many obstacles, the game came back strong. About 40,000 fans saw the 1946 tussle between the Wasedo and Keio teams—they're the Harvard and Yale of Japan. The average pro game draws fewer fans, usually about 15,000. There's much noisy, organized cheering at the school games, but not much at the pro contests. It's a rare Jap who rises in rage to curse the ump. . . .

At the start of each college game, the rival teams line up facing each other between home plate and the pitcher's box. Simultaneously they remove their caps, bow to each other, then bow to the umpires. George Magerkurth would love to see Leo Durocher go through that routine! The umpire is the boss, and there's no doubt about that. One vocal protest and a player is kicked out of action in a hurry. He can make a mild face at the ump, but that's all.

Counterfeits

► LAWRENCE GALTON writes a very informative article in "Good Housekeeping" on that interesting item: money. In the paragraphs quoted below he discusses counterfeits:

The Emperor Nero was the first money cheater, and since his time counterfeiting has flourished all over the world. In 1776 our enemies contributed to the downfall of our Continental currency by producing counterfeits, and "not worth a continental" is used even today to denote worthlessness. To keep our currency value intact is the job of the Secret Service, one of the Treasury Department's law-enforcement agencies. In 1939 the Secret Service furnished evidence to convict 895 counterfeiters. Recently its work has been so effective that counterfeit-coin losses have been cut almost 60 per cent and paper-currency counterfeits reduced by 97 per cent.

How can you personally avoid counterfeit losses? First, know your portraits, because many attempts are made to "raise" bills to larger denominations. If you receive what seems like a \$10 bill but has Washington's portrait, you should know it's an alteration, because Washington's portrait appears only on \$1 bills. Jefferson appears on all \$2's; Lincoln, \$5's; Hamilton, \$10's; Jackson, \$20's; Grant, \$50's; Franklin, \$100's; McKinley, \$500's; Cleveland, \$1000's; Madison, \$5000's; and Chase, \$10,000's.

If the bill is a complete counterfeit, not just a raise, comparison is best. Counterfeits are made from defective plates on cheap paper with cheap ink, so portraits are dull, smudgy, or unnaturally white. Serial numbers are badly spaced. The paper usually has no silk threads. Don't, however, rely, as so many people do, on trying to rub off the ink. Ink can be rubbed from good as well as bad bills.

Polaroids

► In 1690 A SCIENTIST named Huygens discovered polarized light. Polaroids are today used in sun-glasses, cameras, etc., but many new uses are planned for the near future. From an article in "Reader's Scope" by Charles Forbes:

The automobile industry is planning to adopt, in the very near future, polarizing devices which may save thousands of lives yearly. It is estimated that blinding headlights cause an annual loss of 20,000 lives. Each car will be fitted with a polaroid windshield visor set at 45 degrees to the ground. Polaroids will be inserted in the headlight units at the same angle. When one car is approaching another, the polaroids of each car will be at right angles. The glare will be blacked out. The headlights of the approaching car will appear as faint discs of light. Yet the body of each car will be plainly visible.

One of the reasons that plays are so much more realistic than the movies, aside from the fact that we see people rather than pictures, is the depth, or third dimension. Movies lack what the eye actually sees in everyday life. Here again our polaroids come to the rescue. Each movie-goer will be supplied with special polaroid glasses which will be set at a certain angle. Two views will be projected on a single screen which will have the illusion of disappearing. The polaroids will unscramble the composite picture and the illusion of depth will be complete.

Poor Little Rich Dogs

► WE QUOTE THESE excerpts from an article written on behalf of pampered pets by veterinarian Dr. Leon F. Whitney in "American Magazine":

Millions of dollars are spent annually in America for the sole purpose of dogging up dogs. From the time an upper-crust dog is delivered by an obstetrician at a cost of from \$15 to \$75, depending upon whether or not it requires a Caesarean operation, until it is buried in a canine cemetery, such as that at Hartsdale, N. Y., at a cost of \$30 to \$60, thousands of dollars may be squandered upon it, more, indeed, than might be spent upon a set of quadruplets in a middle-class home. I have no quarrel with the economics of this extravagance, although it enrages many of my clients, who insist that such money should go to needy human beings.

The fact of the matter is that the demand for dog luxuries is such that many factories are kept busy for two shifts a day to provide them. In 1943, a year of war shortages, when the last check was made, \$7,000,000 was spent by American owners on dog remedies and veterinary services, \$3,000,000 for collars, tags, blankets, and toys, and \$100,000,000 for prepared dog food.

The only quarrel I have with the pampering of dogs is that the dogs themselves may suffer as a result. I know one woman who spends \$12 a year to keep her Pomeranian in leather booties and rubbers for rainy days. If this wealthy little Pomeranian ever becomes a stray dog, he will need about all of the foot-ease remedies that you can find in a modern drugstore. A dog's feet carry their own soles. They are designed for friction on rough ground. To function properly they must be exercised and exposed. . . .

If you want to spend a fortune a year on a dog, you may do so. But travel, clothing, and overfeeding are harmful to it. On the other hand, you don't need to spend more than \$45 a year on a dog to keep it healthy and happy.

Unfair To Humans

► SPORTSMAN BILL WOLF sounds off on the perversity of fish and game in "Sports Afield." Some of Mr. Wolf's observations:

The surest way to get a strike (and miss it) is to light a cigarette. Just shift the rod under the arm, let the line dangle in slack folds, and light the smoke. There will be a splash where your lure is located and all you can do is stare at the spot. Sometimes, when fishing is slow, I try lighting a cigarette just to get a strike, pretending not to notice anything—but it never works then. I have spoiled the charm by trying to induce it and the fish know it. . . .

Most amazing thing of all is the amount of game and the number of fish that can be seen when without either gun or rod. Don't tell me they can't understand that you are harmless in such a case. Just take a walk without a gun and you will see all kinds of game. Crows will come down and fly around your head. Pheasants will explode into the air from every clump of bushes. Rabbits will bound from under your feet. Ducks will be seen everywhere and grouse will walk casually down the woods road ahead of you. Deer will pause like cows to stop their feeding and watch you pass. Fish will rise and leap in every pool and splash in every riffle.

It's a mistake to call all these things luck. Fish and game must read newspapers and keep up with the seasons, pore over sportsmen's magazines and know exactly when they are and aren't in season. They must be able to look into guns and tell whether they are loaded or not. They certainly take dislikes to certain persons and ignore them. They're just plain contrary.

Mr. A. Muller-Ury beside his portrait of famed singer Jessica Dragonette

A FIERCE rain beat an insistent reminder of the present against the huge window panes, but in Muller-Ury's mid-Manhattan studio, one could not help but feel part and parcel of a by-gone era.

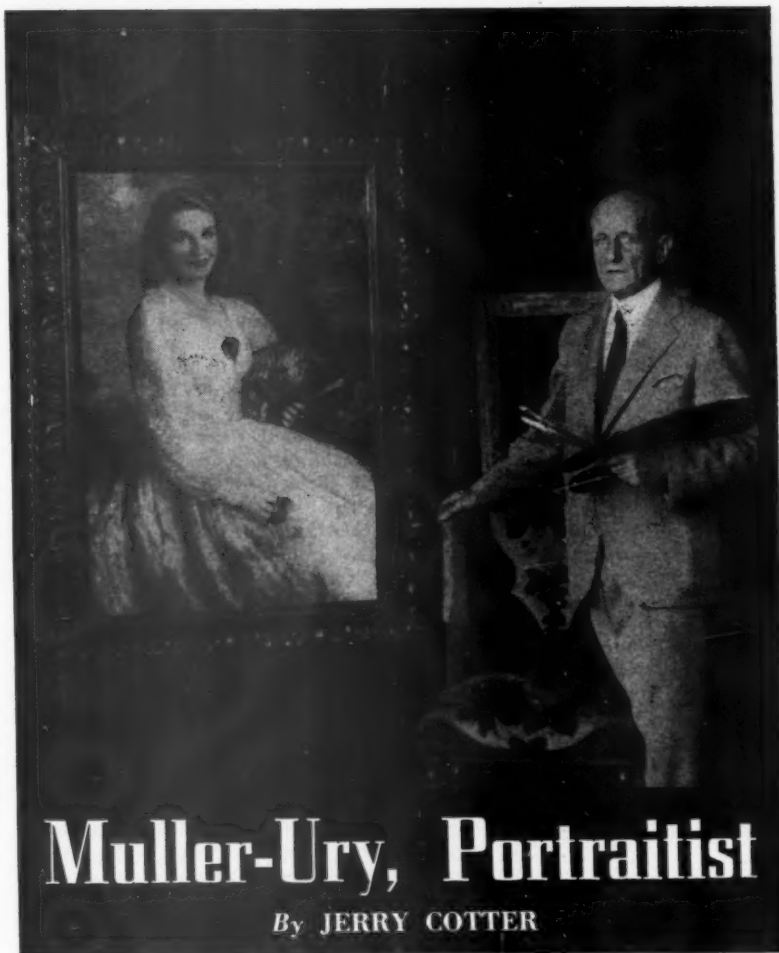
Scattered among the multishaped shadows created by a fading northern light, portraits of yesteryear's famous took on a startling vividness and lifelike quality not often duplicated on canvas. Pius X . . . Archbishop Corrigan . . . Chauncey Depew . . . Cardinal Merry del Val . . . Mrs. William Astor . . . J. P. Morgan . . . Lillian Russell . . . Kaiser Wilhelm . . . all seemed to become participants in, rather than subjects of, the afternoon's conversation. The problems and complexities of an atom-minded world seemed far off indeed, amid the canvases crowding the celebrated artist's duplex workshop.

In one corner, two of the painter's breathtakingly beautiful rose pieces stood out in stark defiance of the day's gloom, as their creator somewhat hesitantly spun his fascinating tale of a lifetime spent in transferring features of the famous to canvas. The small, wiry portraitist, who has won fame on two continents and in two centuries, was reliving the high spots of a career which brought him fame in Vatican City while still in his teens.

Adolpho Muller-Ury's speech still retains a strong Swiss flavor, even though he left his native land while still very young. After a period of intensive study at the Art Academy in Munich, he went on to Rome to serve his apprenticeship in art by copying the famous works in the Eternal City. Day after day, he would sit in the galleries and churches around Rome, painstakingly duplicating the masters. A grueling and arduous training, but also an invaluable period for the budding portrait painter.

His work soon attracted the interest of art circles there, and before long the perfection of his copies brought him to the attention of Cardinal Hohenloe. Impressed by the amazing fidelity of color, composition, and detail in the young man's work, the Cardinal and Professor Rudolf Seitz, director of all the galleries in the Vatican, arranged for him to copy the art treasures of the City. They also brought him to the attention of His Holiness, Leo XIII, and some time later, the young artist was commissioned to do a portrait of the Pope.

"It was also indirectly through the Cardinal that I came to this country in the early part of this century," he mused. "That was after I had the great honor of painting the Holy Father, who



Muller-Ury, Portraitist

By JERRY COTTER

was one of the finest men I have ever met, in addition to being a spiritual leader of tremendous influence. The Cardinal's brother—who was Chancellor to the Emperor of Austria—had recommended to Theodore Havemeyer, the Honorary American Consul General, that I be assigned the job of doing Mrs. Havemeyer's portrait. I did it and they were all very pleased with the result."

One of the many American visitors to Rome who were brought to his studio by mutual friends prevailed upon Muller-Ury to abandon his work in Italy and return with him to a city called Milwaukee. There, explained the wealthy American, he would do the murals for a grand ballroom, the largest in the city. With visions of the splendor of European palace ballrooms dancing in his

mind and great gratitude to his benefactor for providing such an opportunity, the young artist decided to transfer his career to the fabulous country across the seas. In one grandiose gesture, he disposed of his studio and its contents to a struggling friend and sailed away on the grand adventure.

But as it so often does, disillusionment, rather than the happiness of achievement, waited at the end of the rainbow. The Milwaukee ballroom turned out to be considerably less than the spectacular room the young Swiss painter had conjured up in his dreams. It was, in fact, nothing more than a huge, barnlike hall rented out for banquets, weddings, and lodge meetings. The owner, with typical *nouveau riche* astigmatism, failed to see the humor of the situation.

Nor did Muller-Ury find anything hilarious in this typical display. Thoroughly disgusted, he refused to start work, a decision that amazed the man from Milwaukee. Too upset to argue the matter, the young artist returned to the bustling strangeness of a city called Chicago.

His beautiful rose pieces and his lifelike portraits of the great have brought this artist world-wide fame

Alone in a new country and unable to speak more than a few words of its language, he finally decided to contact an old friend, Archbishop Corrigan, in New York. When the popular prelate had been in Rome some months before Muller-Ury sailed for America, he had been brought to the artist's studio by Cardinal Hergenrother, a good friend of the young man's uncle, Monsignor Muller-Ury of Switzerland. Archbishop Corrigan was most anxious to have his portrait painted, but his schedule was crowded, so plans for the sittings had to be abandoned temporarily.

"If you should ever come to New York," said the Archbishop, "I'll make certain we find the time. I am very anxious to sit for such a talented young man."

New York proved a happy haven for the young Swiss painter. The Archbishop recommended him to other members of the American Hierarchy and to various religious orders. He started the ball rolling with an order for Muller-Ury to do a painting from a colored print of the Madonna of Good Counsel, which he had long treasured. The result pleased him so that he immediately arranged for Muller-Ury to do a portrait of Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore.

Muller-Ury's meeting with the Cardinal was the beginning of a lifelong friendship and more or less of a mutual admiration fraternity. Cardinal Gibbons found the completed portrait so satisfactory that he ordered another, and larger, one for the Catholic University. From that time until the Cardinal died, he was one of Muller-Ury's most enthusiastic boosters. At his urging, the young artist applied for American citizenship and decided to remain in this country. Before long, he had more assignments than during his most successful European days.

LEARNING that Muller-Ury was in America, Prince Hohenloë wrote to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, requesting that they treat him like a son. Not only did they make him an unofficial member of the family, but turned out to be enthusiastic and able amateur agents as well. Through the Havemeyers, the closed doors of New York's social and financial circles were opened wide to the struggling young portrait painter.

Industrialists and financiers commissioned him to paint their wives and families; social leaders, Wall Streeters, stage personalities, and literary folk came to his studio for sittings; colleges, religious orders, and organizations contracted for portraits of outstanding clerics. During these years, shortly after the turn of the century, Muller-Ury made his mark in the art world of America. In the decades that have

slipped by since, he has maintained and strengthened his reputation as one of the country's outstanding portrait painters.

In 1907 he returned to Rome with a contract to paint His Holiness, Pius X, for the American College. It was his first visit to the Vatican since he had made a last tour of its treasures before sailing for America. He has returned many times since, usually on assignment to paint the reigning Popes and other high dignitaries of the Church, working in a special studio just off the Holy Father's private apartment. There, in hours snatched from busy, problem-laden schedules, Popes Benedict, Pius X, and Pius XI came to pose for him. Few members of the laity have had such an opportunity to observe, talk to, and know as many of St. Peter's successors. Muller-Ury found those hours the most fascinating of his life.

Last spring an exhibition of Muller-Ury's work was arranged by a group of his friends, with the proceeds donated to American Relief for Italy. The exhibit included his famous portrait of the present Pope, painted when, as Cardinal Pacelli, he toured America. Acting on a hunch, Muller-Ury painted the Cardinal's face and hands but merely sketched the robes without coloring them. He then covered the canvas and put it aside. The hunch proved correct: Cardinal Pacelli was elected Pope. Muller-Ury then painted in the Papal robes and

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 ► Remember, when you point your finger accusingly at someone else, you've got three fingers pointing at yourself.

—SOCONY REFINERY

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 presented the portrait to his friend, Cardinal Spellman, who loaned it to the recent exhibition.

A good Catholic, he was made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pius XI, the greatest of many honors bestowed on him during a highly successful career. He has always had many friends among the hierarchy here and in Europe. Cardinal Merry del Val was one of his dearest and most admired acquaintances, and in the portrait of the loved Secretary of the Papal State now in Muller-Ury's studio, his personality and friendliness have been captured astonishingly well.

Shortly before the First World War, the German-American newspaper, *Staats-Zeitung*, commissioned him to do a portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm. Muller-Ury was working in the London studio which he maintained for more than twenty years, when notification arrived from the Imperial Court that the Kaiser would be ready for the initial sitting within a few days. The year was 1909 and the first faint puffs of the gathering war clouds were scudding across the European skies.

Treated with the respect and hospitality usually reserved for royalty, the artist spent several weeks in the Kaiser's palace. He found Wilhelm a pliable and patient subject, a stern but friendly man who exhibited more than the usual amount of interest in the tedious task at hand. He spent so much time in the studio that it aroused the ire of the Chancellor, who found it difficult enough to keep schedules in balance, without such frivolities as portrait painting complicating matters.

MULLER-URY is interested in his subjects as personalities, not as political leaders, as international celebrities, or as wealth-clogged tycoons. His penetrating eyes and keen knowledge of human nature have combined over the years to immortalize on canvas not only the features, but to a large degree the character and spiritual side of many world-celebrated figures. Judged by the adjectives flecking critical reviews of his work and the enthusiastic reception accorded it, he occupies a unique position in the field of portraiture.

Readers of *THE SIGN* will recall his startlingly effective and beautiful portrait of the Holy Father on the cover of the Silver Jubilee issue in August of 1946. Seldom has the deep spirituality and subtle sadness of Pius XII been captured so brilliantly as in that painting. The original, in the full vividness of its white and blue coloring, occupies a place of honor in Cardinal Spellman's residence.

Another copy is in Muller-Ury's studio and, like each canvas there, is destined for a permanent place in one of the museums and universities for which it was originally painted. The Swiss Government commissioned a portrait of Pius XI and is preparing a place of honor for it in Geneva, but for the present it remains in the artist's workshop.

In recent years Mr. Muller-Ury has devoted a portion of his time to a series of stunning rose pieces, which by their beauty of dazzling reds and vivid yellows defy description. The roses, grown by Muller-Ury in his California garden, dwarf the brilliance of the priceless Chinese vases from the J. P. Morgan Collection in which they have been arranged. When the public is finally permitted to see the entire floral-piece series, the reaction will undoubtedly be enthusiastic. The late Lord Duveen was engaged in a plan to house this collection in a special section of London's Tate Gallery at the time of his death. Two of the rose pieces are in the possession of Queen Elizabeth and are now in one of the reception rooms at Buckingham Palace.

An unfinished portrait of Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans brought up

the subject of Muller-Ury's more recent work. The writer had seen and admired the delicate beauty of his painting of Jessica Dragonette, which hangs in her home, and appreciated the charming simplicity with which he had handled several portraits of young children. His depictions of Cardinal Spellman and the late Cardinal Hayes are masterpieces of reproduction.

If any feature stands out in the work of Muller-Ury, it is probably the manner in which he succeeds in capturing not merely an expression, a facial feature, or a resemblance, but a combination of all three. Such perfection is not a characteristic of all modern portraiture, where, like as not, the artist will "interpret" his subject rather than "capture" him.

While realizing the fact that unusually fine work is being done in some quarters of today's art world, Muller-Ury is inclined to deplore the lack of good taste so evident, not only in art, but in practically every phase of modern life.

"Vulgarity seems to be at a premium today." He shook his head with the futility of one who has tried to stem a tide which seemingly will not be reconverted. "The refinements, the gentilities, the good manners of a few years ago seemed to have vanished. I hope not for good. A world without beauty and true artistic appreciation is not good!"

In our quest for speed, streamlining, and profits, who can deny that we have lost something invaluable in our studied disregard of beauty and culture? We in America have prided ourselves on mechanical, industrial, and economic achievement. We now have an atomic bomb and jet planes and new death-dealing chemicals. We point with pride to these weapons of destruction. Unfortunately, we cannot always do the same with respect to our efforts at developing a culture of our own and perpetuating the beauty we carelessly overlook. Unless we want to be judged by our comic strips, cheap movies, and shoddy literature, we must bestir ourselves!

As one who has spent a lifetime in the creation and perpetuation of beauty, Muller-Ury is vitally interested in the retention of the highest standards in art, literature, and music. As a Catholic he is also aware that all art must uplift and inspire men, not debase them with false ideologies, either of a moral or political nature. An easel reporter who has chronicled on canvas the highlights of a turbulent era in world history, he has contributed invaluable aid to present and future generations with his deft brush and sharp powers of observation.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As the present issue was going to press, word was received of the death of Mr. Muller-Ury. May he rest in peace!

EXPERIMENT IN GOOD WILL

NOWADAYS all too many Americans are ready to assume that lasting world peace is only an idealist's pipe dream. Yet, there is a certain pleasant surprise awaiting those who will take time to look up a treaty that was signed one hundred and thirty years ago this past spring. When Sir Charles Bagot and Richard Rush attached their names to it on April 29, 1817, they launched the world's most successful experiment in friendship between nations.

Prior to that time, the relations between Canada and the United States had been anything but conciliatory. Hatred and discord flourished, and because of mutual jealousy, there were sporadic outbreaks along the border. Americans were feeling pretty cocky just then because of Perry's recent victory on Lake Erie and Macdonough's on Lake Champlain. Canadians, on the other hand, viewed with no little uneasiness their powerful and rapidly growing neighbor to the south.

It was fortunate that when Sir Charles Bagot came as the British ambassador to Washington in 1817, he found an American who shared his devotion to the cause of peace. Sir Charles had been sent over to negotiate a new treaty defining the Canadian boundary, and he had to deal with Richard Rush in the U. S. State Department.

When the jingoists in Canada and the United States demanded to know how the three-thousand-mile frontier would be defended, they got the surprise of their lives. They found that Sir Charles and Mr. Rush had agreed to terms that were unheard of for those times.

The border, so it was stipulated, was to be left absolutely unguarded!

Each country was permitted to have one vessel of not more than one hundred tons, armed with one eighteen-pound cannon, on Lake Ontario, two on the Upper Lakes, and one on Lake Champlain. Such small boats were no good for naval combat—they could be used only as revenue cutters. This left the boundary practically defenseless!

When the terms of the treaty were announced, many sincere-minded



patriots in both countries thought Sir Charles and Mr. Rush must have lost their minds. It seemed so out of keeping with the martial spirit of the times. Yet, the more seriously Americans and Canadians considered it, the more sensible it seemed. After all, why shouldn't next-door neighbors be good friends?

It did not take long to prove the wisdom of those men who made this international good-will experiment. As time passed, both countries took a solemn pride in the spirit with which they carried out the Rush-Bagot Treaty. The familiar phrase, "Hands across the border," has found expression in numberless acts of friendship and co-operation.

In recent years there have been many ways in which the two nations have united for the preservation of their common ideals. Even before World War II brought about this close co-operation, Americans and Canadians had ways of showing their mutual esteem. One of the most impressive of these symbols of enduring friendship is the famous Peace Garden, half in North Dakota and half in Manitoba.

It covers 2,200 acres, and rustic trails and driveways wind through the beautiful wooded hills and valleys where birds and wild game abound. In the very center, flower gardens form the Court of Peace, marking the boundary line between Canada and the United States. From the north "the Avenue of the Provinces" extends to the center fountain, while southward runs "the Avenue of the States." Nowhere else in the world has man contrived with nature to furnish a more impressive area of beauty as a symbol of peace and understanding between two nations which live side by side in mutual friendship and trust.

— FRANCIS HOWARD



Someone gave her a doll and on it she centers all her love while her mother is gone to work in an Essen factory. It's not a pretty doll, but still it's a doll.



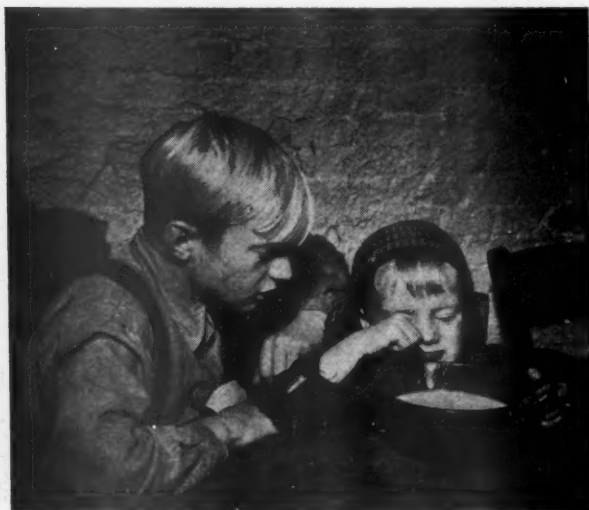
In soup kitchens that have been set up, the children of Essen are given warm bowls of gruel for luncheon. Some are cute, some friendly, some still plain scared.



This boy was born in a bomb shelter during an air raid. He still bears the expression of terror and shows the malnutrition so common among the children.

Germany's

THESE are the children of defeated Germany, sons and daughters of Hitler's Reich, urchins living in ruins and rubble. These are tomorrow's citizens of a democratic Germany. They never built a Dachau. They never shouted a Nazi



Older children have developed a great sense of responsibility for the younger ones, watching out for them while the parents, if they have any, are away at work.



Most of the Ruhr was systematically destroyed by bombs. This soup kitchen was set up in a deserted brick kiln, the only banquet hall these children have ever seen.



Growing older now, this lad's task is to gather wood for fuel from among the rubble heaps of Essen streets. Little citizen of chaos, will he be a good democrat?

Children

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

"Heil!" Yet it is they who suffer amid near chaos while the Big Four squabble and dismantle factories and foster political parties. These pictures taken in the Ruhr tell their own grim story of a childhood no child should ever have to know.



It takes so little to give joy to these hapless children. A small traveling variety company came to town. The elder brother points out the wonders of the show.



The painfully sad expression of the faces of these youngsters gives an inkling to the memories they have, the life they lead with little food and fewer comforts.

Come Back to Me

by Peirson Ricks • Illustrated by Dom Lupo

Sue thought she had conquered love by running away, but tonight the past caught up with her



IT couldn't be Harry—mustn't be—she told herself wildly. It just mustn't be. She fumbled in her handbag for a cigarette; she found one, and her escort, Paul Lennox, held the match for her.

He laughed. "Why, Susan, you're as excited as a fifteen-year-old going to her first dance," he said. "Look how your cigarette trembles. What is it—the moon, or the boat, or the river?"

"It's the combination," Susan laughed, trying to compose herself. She patted his arm. "And maybe it's my companion, too."

He bowed, with a rueful smile. "I'm afraid not the last, dear," he said sadly.

Susan squeezed his arm. Good old Paul. She was fond of him—very much so—but not in the way he wanted her to be. He was solid and fine, as stanch as a beam of oak. There was an oaken look about his broad shoulders, about his square, pleasant face.

There was an oaken look about Harry, too, she remembered with a sharp pang. But Harry had something else that Paul didn't have—an inner fire, a quick, mercurial temper of the spirit. He was a child of clouds and forest, one of those people born with a touch of magic. His eyes were black and flashing where Paul's were gray and calm. Paul was the perfect friend, but Harry—well, you loved him or hated him (at least she did—and she had done both), but there was no emotion so quiet and even as friend-

ship that could go along with the way you felt about Harry Dillon.

Of course, it was just too incredible that that man with the broad back and proud head whom she had glimpsed through the crowd walking the deck of the excursion steamer was Harry Dillon. She had caught one brief glimpse, and then the crowd had closed about him. It *couldn't* be Harry. She prayed that it mightn't be. After three years of not seeing him, not hearing from him, not knowing what he was doing—after three years of being apart from every act and concern of his life, she didn't want the old wound reopened. She had done very well this past year; she had learned how to put him out of her thoughts most of the time. She would hate to lose that hard-won advantage.

Her coming to Washington had helped. Long hours and hard, exacting work in an important government agency had left small time for mooning. She would work, work, work till she had sweated all that ancient moonlight and nonsense out of her spirit. Then maybe she would marry a fine, sensible fellow like Paul.

Paul was wonderfully thoughtful and gentle. It had been his idea that they take this moonlight cruise down the Potomac. It had fitted her mood exactly. Dancing to orchestra music on a river boat beneath the stars seemed cleaner, purer, more wholesome, than dancing

to orchestra music in a stuffy, glittering night club.

Susan had come aboard feeling gay and girlish, ready for frolic; it had seemed for the first few minutes that she had recaptured all the delight and expectation that had fired her in her late teens. Her bright blue eyes were flashing, her lips were quick to laughter, her bronze-red hair was like a sunset halo in the glaring spotlights at the gangplank. Her slim, alert body was full of lively movement, ready for dancing.

And then, barely aboard, as they sauntered with the newly arrived crowds down the promenade deck, she had received that startling visitation from her past, a glimpse of a proud, familiar-looking head in the strolling throng, and the next instant that head had vanished into the throng. She was left shaken and unnerved, all the sprightliness and spirit drained from her.

Susan and Paul stood arm in arm by the rail on the upper deck as the steamer cast off and pushed out into the rippling, moon-specked Potomac. The vessel slipped along over the black, dancing wavelets, through the shimmering, blue-green night.



She had seen Harry Dillon gliding, effortless and casual, with the sleek, willowy blonde in his arms

All around them, from the indistinct blobs of shadow that were the deck chairs, came the gay sounds of young voices, young laughter. From below floated up the faint strains of a waltz being played by the orchestra.

"Shall we go down and dance?" he asked.

"Not yet, Paul."

They stood there a long time, not saying much. She was afraid, afraid to go down there and step out onto the floor among the other dancers. But after a

while she said abruptly: "All right, Paul. Let's go down now."

So they came out onto the dance floor where it was all bright lights and glitter, and as they glided along to the beat of the music, she peered fearfully into the crowd of swaying, weaving dancers, and into the knots of spectators gathered along the walls, and gradually that stifling suspense, that sense of dread, left her, and some measure of her assurance returned.

They danced for forty-five minutes;

then, since it was a warm night, they decided to go to the upper deck to sit and rest for a while in the mild breeze.

As they emerged through the wide double doors onto the promenade deck, they met another couple entering the ballroom. The two couples came face to face and stepped aside simultaneously, the men bowing apologetically, laughing self-consciously—and then for Susan the whole world stood still.

It was he, Harry Dillon, standing there before her, his face grown suddenly stony. It was he, bowing, smiling stiffly. It was he, turning away, bending to the ear of the languid blond creature who hung on his arm, murmuring something that made her smile sleepily.

Susan was plucking Paul Lenox' sleeve, smiling brightly (too brightly, she told herself), laughing (too shrilly, she knew).

"Come on, darling," she cried. "Let's hurry, before the best chairs are taken."

"Did you know that fellow?" asked Paul, after they were settled on the upper deck.

"What fellow?" Her voice sounded puzzled.

"The fellow we almost collided with when we were leaving the ballroom. You and he looked so queerly at each other . . ."

"Oh. That fellow. Yes, I knew him several years ago. I couldn't place him at first. But I remember him now . . . Oh, Paul! look at the moon, how it rides along in the water. Lovely, isn't it?"

Yes, she remembered him now. Even though some of the youth had gone out of his face. Even though around his mouth were hard lines that weren't there before. Even though the jet-black pupils of his eyes (it seemed) had lost their flash and fire. Yes, she remembered him. She would go on remembering him even when she had forgotten all else, she supposed.

Now that she had seen him and he had seen her, she couldn't just crawl off into a corner somewhere and hide. She wanted to—oh, God, she wanted to—but her pride cruelly whispered that she must face it out. She must never let him imagine that he was still that important to her, important enough for her to want to avoid him. She must play it out casually, as though his being here was of no consequence whatsoever, as though it might even be vaguely amusing. She would have to summon up all her

strength and courage to see this through; if she faltered, if she failed, she knew something would go out of her forever; she would be able to walk forth proudly, poised, assured again.

And so at last she and Paul had gone back down to the ballroom, and she had flashed her bright smile right and left, laughing as she danced. And she had seen Harry Dillon gliding, effortless and casual, with the sleek, willowy blonde in his arms. And once they passed close to each other on the dance floor and their eyes met and her lips laughed, laughed past him, and his glance was dead as though she were not there. And that was a cruel stab like a knife in her throat, and for an instant then she could not breathe.

"What's the matter?" said Paul, standing back from her as they danced, looking down into her face. "You started then—you seemed to shiver, as though you had a chill."

She tossed her head. "It was nothing, Paul. Nothing." They danced on.

And then, later, she pushed back from Paul. "I remember," she cried.

"Remember? Remember what?"

"Why, the name of that man I used to know. I've just seen him again."

"Oh," said Paul.

DURING intermission, Susan and Paul were strolling the deck. She was chattering feverishly; her voice was pitched too high. She wondered if Paul was conscious of her unnatural animation, but she really didn't think so; Paul lived in a stable world; he saw things from one direction only; once he had you classified, it wasn't easy for him to change the picture.

Far down the deck she saw them, Harry Dillon and the blonde creature, leaning on the rail, gazing out at the moonlit river.

"Oh, there he is again," she said. She tugged at Paul's sleeve. "Come on." She led the way.

She marched up boldly, and the firm, sharp tapping of her evening slippers made the man at the railing glance around quickly.

She was smiling brilliantly. "Isn't your name Harry Dillon?" she asked.

He was standing up straight now, like a buck private called before his general. His face was rigid and expressionless like a private's face at attention.

"Why, yes. And you're Susan Wentworth, aren't you?"

"Of course! How nice seeing you here," she exclaimed. "It's been two years, hasn't it? Or was it four?"

"A long time."

"We had fun that summer at Chapel Hill, didn't we?" She stopped. "It was Chapel Hill, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It was Chapel Hill."

"Of course, it was Chapel Hill! What am I thinking about?"

She introduced Paul to him, and Harry introduced the blonde creature. Her name was Carolyn Green.

"How jolly, our bumping into each other like this," cried Susan. "We can all have fun together."

He laughed then, for the first time, but it wasn't a real laugh. Still, she was able to see the brief, bright flash of his teeth; and for a moment all the past seemed to come untangled. Back then he had laughed much, as back then he had always walked with an easy swagger. But the swagger was gone now, and there wasn't much left of the laugh. He had been thoughtless then—carefree and thoughtless—and cruel. She thought she could still read the cruelty in those hard lines around his mouth.

He laughed again. "Yes, we can have a dandy time, can't we?" He turned to Paul. "Do you mind if I steal your partner for a dance—for old times' sake?"

The smile froze on Susan's face. "Beware! beware!" a small voice cried. "You are going too far. He will crush you, he will hurt you, as he did once before. Refuse him, insult him, laugh in his face, but don't let him put his arms around you. Don't!"

But Paul was bowing awkwardly, unwillingly, with a puzzled, half-displeased look on his face; he was allowing it, because he was taking his cue from her, and he supposed, since she had started the wheels turning, that she wanted it to be like this.

"Well!" said the blonde, with a rising inflection, shrugging her shoulders. She quickly slipped her hand into the crook of Paul's elbow; she drew up to him. "Let them go ahead," she murmured. "We can have fun, too, can't we?"

"Sure" mumbled Paul with enthusiasm. "Sure."

And there she was, among all the dancing people, in his arms, feeling the willful power of his guidance, yielding to it utterly, being led where he directed:



Worth Fighting For

► Tommy Jones came home from school with a black eye.

"What have you been up to?" his mother demanded.

"I've been fighting Johnny Briggs," Tommy confessed.

"Well, take him some cake and make

friends again," his mother said.

Tommy did so, but in the afternoon he came home with another black eye.

"Good gracious!" his mother exclaimed. "What's happened now?"

"He did it again," Tommy said, sadly. "He wants more cake tomorrow."

—Beulah Golden



The vessel slipped over the black, dancing wavelets, through the shimmering, blue-green night

and some of the old debonair force of him seemed to well up and take over—the restraint and stiffness left him, and he was smooth and wild and carefree once again. And she danced with him, wildly—with a wild submissiveness—but not with singing or with laughter in her heart; she danced fiercely, but as with a bowed head.

And then that dance was over, and they were standing apart, applauding the orchestra, looking at each other.

It wasn't the same now, she could see clearly—it wasn't the same. It could never again be as it had been. They were staring at each other, smiling brightly, artificially, but there was no subtle current linking them; they were strangers.

And then the orchestra was striking up and they were once more moving, dancing.

"Sue," his voice was low, with a gently mocking quality, as though he were just on the point of laughing—"this is strange, to be dancing with the woman I once thought I was going to marry."

"It's stranger still if you actually thought you were going to marry me, Harry," she came back quickly with a glittering smile. "We were young and having fun—that's all."

"Yet you wore my ring," he reminded her coolly, cruelly, watching her face. "You wore my ring and we made plans together. Do you remember the little cottage we dreamed up? It was to sit on a tiny hill back of the country club, remember? And remember the furniture for it, pictures that you clipped out of magazines? Ha, ha, ha—" he was laughing softly.

She smiled at him a fixed smile as though she were only vaguely remember-

ing what he talked about. But she couldn't speak, she couldn't say a word just then; she dared not trust her voice. He was cruel, cruel, cruel—he had always been cruel, thoughtlessly, carelessly cruel—yes, from the very beginning. Only now his cruelty seemed to be designed, consciously applied, springing from malice.

"But you're right, Sue: we were kids, playing at something we didn't know much about. We were kids, and I think we've grown up now."

"I hope so," she said flatly.

"Remember how we met?"

REMEMBER! She could repeat every word spoken, give every syllable its right inflection, describe every gesture used, every wondering look that had passed between them. She knew that scene by heart; had lived it through a thousand times. But she said vaguely: "Why, yes, Jane Middleton introduced us, didn't she? At her house, wasn't it?"

"No—" his voice carried a faint note of reproof—"it was at a dance at the Inn. It was a fine summer night—a wonderful night."

The loveliest night I have ever known, she thought.

"I was dancing with a girl named—named—I don't know what her name was—"

She was wearing a sky-blue satin with a flounced skirt.

"—and I saw a girl in white—all in white, dancing, and my eyes met her eyes and I said to myself at that instant, 'I am going to marry that girl.' And when that dance was over, I asked who she was, and they told me, 'Susan Wentworth.'"

"Harry!" her voice was trembling, "you never told me that before."

"Told you what?"

"That when you looked at me—when our eyes met—you said to yourself that you were going to marry that girl. Because I was saying to myself at that same instant that I was going to—"

"—going to go to the punch bowl," he cut in blandly, "because I followed you there, dragging my partner after me. And I tried to talk to you, but you gave me the cold-shoulder treatment. So I had to find someone to introduce me."

Charlie Brandon, she remembered, almost bald though barely turned twenty. Killed on Guadalcanal.

"He broke on your partner and introduced me, and we danced. You had already figured me out for one of the wolf contingent, and you didn't respond any too cordially at first. And then, all of a sudden . . ." he stopped and smiled at her, tenderly, it seemed.

"Yes?" she whispered.

"Why, all of a sudden you thawed out. *Bang*. Just like that."

"And that was all?"

"That was all. From then on, we got along fine."

She laughed. She laughed because she had almost given herself away; she laughed with relief because she had been saved in the nick of time. It was the same thing all over again; there was something about him that disarmed you, that left you completely exposed, without defense. And then, when you were his, when you were at his mercy, in his hands, he pushed you away bluntly, elbowed you roughly. He was careless with a prodigious carelessness, thoughtless with a thoughtlessness so vast, so



Enrapt

► They tell this on violinist Fritz Kreisler. Walking along the street one afternoon with a friend, he passed a fish market. The window was filled with neat rows of fresh fish, with staring eyes and open mouths.

"Good grief!" Kreisler said to his companion, "that reminds me . . . I should be playing at a concert today!"

measureless, that you wondered if you could remain in the same room with him and stay civil, much less love him.

For it had all been as he described it, up to a certain point. But that point was where the real significance of that evening had begun. It had been one of those simple and touching moments upon which the course and direction of human lives may hang.

As they had danced, she had been conscious of him, very much so, but in a confused sort of way; impressed by the fact that he was dangerous and a person to be watched closely, and yet drawn to him as she had never felt drawn to any man before. Her solution of the immediate problem had been to appear indifferent and await developments.

The orchestra had been playing a medley of old tunes, but she hadn't noticed the music especially till he had started humming into her ear, and then he was whispering words: "Sweet Sue, just you." Then she had recognized the fine old song. That had done it. In a way that nothing else could have done it; smoothly and easily, without the need of any talk between them. A thread of understanding had bound them together; from that moment she was his and he was hers.

So it had all happened just as he had described it, except for one thing. He had forgotten the most important part.

SUSAN and Harry were walking across the ballroom toward Paul and Carolyn, who were sitting on a bench near the entrance looking thoroughly bored with each other.

So this is how it is going to be, Susan was thinking. It is all over now, all but the good-bys, the so-glad-to-have-seen-you-once-again. We have met, we have touched, we have remembered. It is all something that happened long ago. We have met, and it is over.

"We came mighty close to getting married, didn't we?" Harry said as they strolled through the milling couples on the floor.

"No closer than dozens of other couples who end up happily married to somebody else."

"We would have been married except for one thing," he stated dogmatically, smiling curiously.

One thing! Oh, Harry, Harry—thousands of them. If you only knew—

"One thing?" She smiled at him faintly, wondering what he understood that special thing to be.

"I was too sure of you, Sue."

She had expected anything but that. She turned her head away, coughing, so that he might not perceive her sudden agitation. He had almost disarmed her again.

"Yes, I was too sure of you." They had stopped halfway across the dance floor and were facing each other. "I thought it was all over but the ceremony. I was careless; I let myself neglect some of the important things."

"Yes, Harry?" She was a fool, a fool, a fool . . . a fool to be listening to him.

"There was our last quarrel, for example—the one that caused our breakup. Do you remember what happened?"

"I think I do, Harry. But go on."

"It all came about over the anniversary celebration we had planned—the anniversary of our first meeting. We were going to the Inn to have dinner together, just you and I. I telephoned and called it off at the last minute; I explained that I couldn't make it, that we'd have to postpone it till later. You said that later wouldn't do, that it had to be that night or not at all. I said, 'Not at all then,' and hung up."

"That was the end of everything between us, Sue—that one rough answer of mine. If I could have unsaid that then, we would be married now."

Susan looked away from his face. He had missed it, after all. He had missed it. He had missed it from beginning to end—all the way through. It really wasn't the rough word that had done it. It was the casualness with which he had broken their anniversary date; it was his utter failure to recognize the importance of a host of small, unimportant things.

She met his eyes. "Harry, we'd better join our partners, don't you think? I'm afraid they're not entertaining each other very much."

He smiled and nodded.

Their partners were very glad to see them; the relief was written all over their faces. The four of them stood together for a few minutes, chatting idly about nothing at all; then the two couples separated, after polite good-bys.

She watched him walking out onto the floor with the blonde hanging onto his arm—she watched him; he was trying to walk with his old swaggering gait, and a pang cut her; she wanted to cry—the swagger was a failure—he just couldn't put it across.

"Good-by," a voice cried way down inside her—"Good-by, my darling. Good-by, good-by, good-by."

She turned to Paul Lennox, clutched at his arm. "Quick!" she said. "Let's dance."

He led her out onto the floor. Susan wasn't much conscious of her dancing for a few minutes as she fought to gain control of herself; then she was growing calm, and she knew she was going to be all right. She caught a glimpse of the languid blonde, Carolyn Green, floating past in a stranger's arms, and Susan was vaguely astonished that the girl wasn't with Harry.

AND then it came, like a blow that made her knees buckle, and she knew she couldn't stand it—the orchestra had swung into the plaintive strains of "Sweet Sue."

The next instant someone was cutting in on Paul, who was glaring angrily at the interloper, who didn't mind the glares at all. The interloper just took charge of her, put his arms around her, and danced off with her.

"Oh, Harry," she said in a small, shaky voice, "do you recognize the tune the orchestra is playing?"

"Recognize it?" he whispered. "I ought to, I requested it." His voice had grown hoarse; he cleared his throat. "I'd like to request something else, too, Sue. You know, the eighth of next month will be the fourth anniversary of my meeting you—and I thought—well, I hoped—you'd save that evening for me and we could go somewhere—and—"

"Oh, Harry. You remembered!" She tried to hide her face on his shoulder because she knew she was going to cry—in fact, she was already crying.

"Remembered?" he whispered unsteadily. "Remembered? Yes, dear, I remembered. For three long years I remembered. I guess that was my punishment, Sue—my punishment for being so carefree and careless. Well, I paid for it, Sue, and I'm cured. Please give me another chance, I'll try to . . ."

He didn't finish. He just danced right through the open door onto the promenade deck into the shadows and started kissing her.

She was still crying. But she knew it was all right at last.

"It Is Finished"

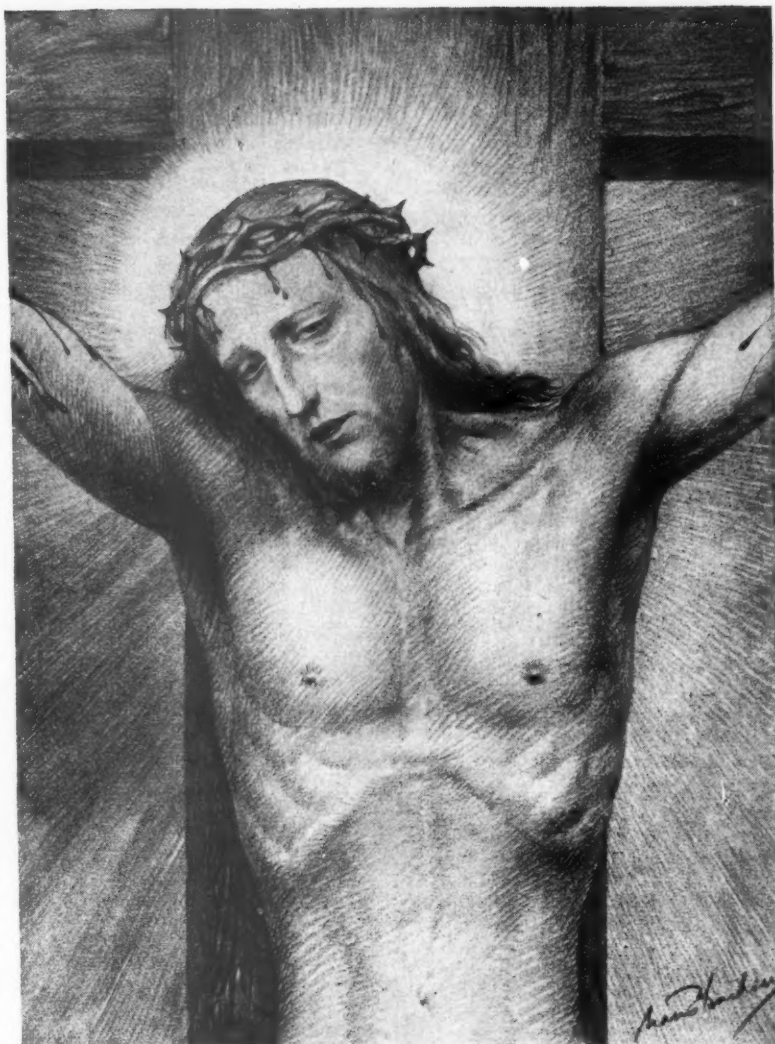
By ALFRED DUFFY, C.P.

**The fulfillment of His
Father's will was the sacred
rule of Our Saviour's life**

THE mortal life of Christ was fast drawing to a close. In a few minutes the blessed Lord would be dead. His thirty-three years among men were ending. All the details of that life had been planned carefully and minutely by His Eternal Father, and various foreshadowings of His career on earth had been prophesied at divers times in the centuries preceding His coming. The human race had been reminded oftentimes by the Almighty of the promises made in Paradise that a fallen world would be ransomed by the merits of a Redeemer. Now the price of a plentiful redemption had been paid. Paid in full to the last farthing. Not one tiny incident in the divine blueprint of salvation for mankind had been overlooked. Their every specification had been accomplished perfectly.

Jesus on the cross could review His work, find that it had been good, see its perfection, and know the completeness of His atonement. He could face His Father with deepest consolation welling up in His soul and say to Him in very truth: "It is consummated"—it is finished. And so Jesus Christ spoke His sixth word from the cross.

Long before the Archangel Gabriel brought his message to Mary announcing the great tidings of the Incarnation, the Son of God in heaven had pledged Himself by holy contract with His Father: "In the head of the book it is written of me, that I should do thy will, O my God. Behold, I come to do thy will, O God." The accomplishment of His Father's will



And so Jesus spoke His sixth word from the cross.

was to Jesus Christ the sacred rule of His life. It was fulfilled with such a zeal and unction as to demonstrate to all mankind the supreme importance of such a policy of conduct. So great a consuming passion was the will of His Father to Christ, that Our Lord spoke of its achievement as His sole purpose in living: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me."

The execution of His Father's designs guaranteed the success of Christ's earthly life. No other course of action housed triumph for a career of atonement. To human thinking, God's will so often seems rather foolish and many times appears to miss the attainment of its purposes. It presents what ostensibly looks like a circuitous method of reaching an objective, when a more direct and less complicated approach would secure more glorious victory. Man in his pride imagines he can better divine

thinking and mark out a path to glory with greater security than can the Master of the universe.

If Christ came to right the wrongs of sin, to educate the world in the correct approach to solve the problem of salvation—if, indeed, to formulate a rule of conduct for all mankind—then what the meaning of a cross, death agonies upon a criminal's gibbet, human victory in a court of justice, the apparent failure of a public ministry, a quiet, retired life as a mere carpenter, a childhood exile to escape the wrath of a jealous king, the chill bleakness of a cattle stall as a birthplace? Is such a life even worthy to be noted? Should its end be signalized by a prayer to God: "It is finished"? Human wisdom! How pathetic can be its reasoning; how inane can be its conclusions.

Divine omniscience knew an infinite variety of ways in which the redemption of the human race could be accom-

plished. But one way was selected; that one way chosen by the Godhead, Jesus as man fulfilled. Because God chose it as fitting, it was fitting. Because God chose it in place of all other ways, it was best. To accomplish the will of His Father perfectly, Our Lord did not deviate in the tiniest particle from the preordained plan. He accepted as His chosen mother the Virgin Mary. Indeed, she was of royal blood, but at the time of His birth she was poor and unknown. His foster father was Joseph. He, too, was of kingly origin, but the worldly fortune of his ancestors had been lost, and he was a village carpenter, whose opinion might be asked about sawing or planing wood but not about statecraft or matters of civic importance.

The humiliation of the stable birth was not offset by the angelic choir which announced the coming of the Messias. Nor did the visit of the Magi compensate for the squalor of a manger and the poverty so little in harmony with the Lord of creation. But Jesus did the will of His Father.

HOW easy it would have been for Almighty power to frustrate the search of a petty tyrant without the necessity of an Egyptian exile. But Jesus did flee into Egypt. On how many occasions could the boy or the young man Christ electrify an audience by the wisdom of His answers or the power of His words, instead of doing it just once. The monotony of a carpenter's workshop, callous hands and weary body, how completely unnecessary for the Lord whose mighty "fiat" had set the vast spinning worlds on their courses in the firmament, and whose control kept them within their proper orbit. Yet Jesus was the carpenter's son, merely a craftsman, a humble artisan in a despised little village. But that was the will of His Father.

A public ministry, brief and not too successful. That was the public life of Jesus. It was marked by His miraculous power, when the blind and the halt and the deaf and the dumb and the dead and all manner of ills responded to His word. But the birds of the air had nests, and foxes had dens, and the Son of Man had no place whereon to lay His head. That was the will of His Father.

When the storm clouds of His Sacred Passion appeared on the horizon of His life and the hour of His bitter dereliction approached, Jesus was mindful of His Father's designs. He had a baptism wherewith He was to be baptized, and He was straitened until it was accomplished. His one rock of strength was His Father's will, and as He lay prostrate in the shade of Gethsemane's olive trees and previewed the horrors of the next day, when He would be alone and men would repay His love with devilish

cruelty, and He would accept blame and punishment for crimes that could never be His, when the world would treat Him as a fool and heaven appear to treat Him as an enemy, it was this will of His Father that directed the soul of Christ: "My Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, thy will be done."

When His enemies had their hour of triumph and gloated over His agonies as He writhed in torments on the cross, His Father's will must be done. And even as Jesus looked down from the cross at the pitiable number of His friends, the few loyal hearts remaining true to Him in the awful climax of His sacrifice, then also was the Lord one with His Father's sacred purposes.

No wonder that Jesus could cry out with a heart full of joy and satisfaction, "It is finished." His Father's will perfectly done. The full tribute of a lifetime devotion, paid with filial loyalty and veneration. How easy now to die with peace and joy and triumph inundating His soul! His Father's will done so magnificently.

The common heritage of sin is death. Every man who lives must die. Die in peace with the thoughts of a well-spent life filling the soul with tranquillity or in terror at the thoughts of a ill-spent life and the impending doom of eternal damnation, or in total unconcern about wasted opportunities squandered in idleness, moral iniquities done in foolish disregard of God's will, and with the dread awakening of judgment to usher

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 ► **Worry is like a rocking chair—  
 it will give you something to do  
 but it won't get you anywhere.**

—AUDIGRAM

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 in the beginnings of endless separation from the Lord.

St. Luke characterized the public life of Jesus in one sentence: "Jesus began to do and to teach." Our Lord respected the homely truism that example speaks louder than words. His own way of living was his greatest sermon. Now as He is dying there is repeated for the learning of all mankind a lesson of tremendous import. Previously, in the memorable sermon on the Mount, the Saviour had taught: "Not everyone that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." There is one sure way to make a success of life, one certain method of attaining a place in heaven. It is doing the will of God. It was the way of life of Christ Himself. There is no other course of action open to His followers.

Christ continued His exposition of

this idea by saying: "Many will say to me, Lord, Lord, have not we prophesied in Thy name, and cast out devils in Thy name, and done many miracles in Thy name?" But He tells us what His answer to them will be: "I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, you that work iniquity."

JESUS continues: "Everyone therefore that heareth these my words, and doth them, shall be likened to a wise man that built his house upon a rock. And the rain fell, and the winds blew, and the floods came, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock." The will of God is the rock foundation for safe and sound earthly living. So Christ taught in word, so Christ lived in deed. No wonder as death approached He could face it calmly, sweetly embrace it, and exult over the conduct of His life. The will of His Father always done. In times of peaceful tranquillity, in hours of stress and storm, when flood-gates burst and torrents of suffering encompassed His soul and His body, Jesus did the will of His Father. It was the rock foundation upon which He reared the glorious and imposing structure of His life. After such a career it is no wonder that the dying Saviour can face His Father and say: "It is finished."

Unfortunately, there are those who mark out for themselves a different course of conduct. Christ characterized their life in these words: "And everyone that heareth these my words,"—what words? "He that doth the will of my Father . . . shall enter into the kingdom of heaven,"—"and doth them *not*, shall be like a foolish man that built his house upon the sand. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."

Man must begin, continue, and finish his life's work. Not only begin and continue it, but finish it. It makes no difference if he be king or peasant, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, of the twentieth century or the first. St. Paul has stated of himself what the sentiments of any man who follows the example of Christ can be at the end of his life: "The time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord the just judge will render to me in that day, and not only to me but to them also that love His coming."

Rock or sand. God's will or human judgment. Can there be any hesitancy in making a choice of foundation? Not for the builder who expects to finish his work. Not for the one who expects to die with the sentiments of Christ: "It is finished."



Full stomachs bring contentment to a large family

A Missionary Muses By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

THE Chinese are an intriguing people. Chinese Catholics are no exception to the rule. While on furlough in the States many mission-minded friends asked, "Father, do you really love the Chinese . . . why?" The thought always flashed through my mind: do these folks think we missionaries live among the Chinese by grinding our teeth in the face of constant unpleasantness? Always I gave them credit for believing that missionaries, having the Faith, manage to keep an eye on the value of an immortal soul. That, you know, is the supernatural reason for loving not only the Chinese but everybody. However, I never talked too much about that angle. Looking back on this question-and-answer experience of mine while at home, I must admit candidly that I muffed the correct answer in some of its details. One of the many reasons for my deep affection for the Chinese is, and I repeat it, they are an intriguing people.

Let me give you a few instances by way of illustrating exactly what I mean when I say the Chinese are an intriguing people. These instances actually happened within a week right here in the Catholic Mission, Chihkiang, Hunan, China.

First: The Sisters' washwoman, a pagan, carried baby Mary into the church this evening for night prayers. Mary, by the way, is a waif without a known name. She was tossed at the mission gate little more than a year ago and taken in by the Sisters. The good pagan woman (I don't want to stand

correction for the use of that adjective *good* . . . I have known *good pagan* women) upon entering the church stopped to take holy water and devoutly bless herself, shifting little Mary in her arms in order to make the Sign of the Cross properly. She then came over to me and whispered, "The baby has been so restless at night, Father; will you give her a blessing?" "Yes," I said, "as soon as the prayers are finished." 'Twas then I got to thinking, instead of continuing my meditation: just why does this woman want me to bless the child—so she won't be bothered with her during the night? I readily knew that wasn't the answer. She was too attached to the infant for such a simple deduction. Did she think some mischievous evil spirit was tormenting the baby? Maybe. Then I reflected that baby girls are not considered important enough even for devils to bother about. Why, then, was this woman concerned about having the little one blessed? I still don't know.

**Intrigue of the Oriental
kind provides a guessing
game for the missionary**

Is intriguing not the right word for it?

Second: Twelve-year-old Philomena, whose mother is a university graduate and principal of the Mission's primary school, halted me at the door of the church yesterday. Here is what she asked: "Just who is my patron saint? Where did she live, when, was she a virgin, a martyr, when is her feast day, is there a special prayer I can say to her?" Quite a mouthful for a twelve-year-old, and she put me on the spot for at least half the answers. Trying to be as pleasant as possible, the thought came to me: how long, lassie, have you been conjuring up these questions to pop at me as though they were born during Mass at which you just assisted? Why was she so interested, all of a sudden, in her patron saint? Who had stirred up the soul of this dear child to such a patronal interest? Could it have been her mother? On the other



A restful pipe for a weary soul

hand, I've long noticed that Philomena remains in church after the others have departed, kneeling as quietly and devoutly as any nun anywhere in the world. Has her Guardian Angel been whispering the magic word *saint—your saint*—into her ears? Is this why she finds herself bursting with desire for more information about Philomena? And what does she intend to do with this knowledge once she has it from the priest? I'm sure I don't know. Quite intriguing, if you ask me.

Third: Monica has had plenty of trouble with a pagan husband who recently took a concubine. Monica comes to the office and asks if it would be too inconvenient for me to give her the dates of her baptism, confirmation, and marriage. What, I wondered, is this woman concocting now? Naturally my face registered surprise, but I held my tongue. She murmured something about thus being able the better to examine her conscience. What is going on inside

this harassed individual, anyway? She knew she was of age when she was baptized. Does she blame herself for the sin of her pagan husband? Or is she determined to imitate the long-suffering of her great patroness, St. Monica? Three children were born in this marriage and all three died in their tender years. Is the "old man" blaming Monica for this? Doesn't he think she can still give him progeny at the age of thirty-three? What's what in this case? And the Mrs. says something about making a better examination of conscience! And she isn't crazy or even neurotic. Very intriguing, eh?

Fourth: Three days ago a terrible fire broke out across the street from the mission. They say it started in the house of a Catholic—a carpenter. The man was working at the time in the mission school; his wife was at the river bank washing clothes; his mother gossiping next door. Someone yelled "*ch'ee ho*" (*fire*). The mother dashed home, snatched up the three-year-old son and ran. By the time the father was notified and reached the place it was too late to get into the back room to save his twin sons born but sixty-six days ago and baptized Christmas afternoon. They burned to death. Soldiers immediately picked up the carpenter and slapped him into jail; blameworthy since the fire started in his house, isn't he? For a day and a half I listened to the wailing of the mother and the daughter-in-law over the tragic death of the twin boys. The Carpenter's Guild went bond for their imprisoned member and he was released. Immediately he went to a relative's house, took a bath and got a head shave. Then he visited me. After a lengthy explanation of how the fire originated, he asked if he could have his wages for six days of work in the mission. The money was counted out. Imagine my surprise when he peeled off five thousand dollars (Chinese) of the amount and handed them back saying, "Father, please offer a Mass for my twin boys." That was as far as he got, so choked with emotion was the man! It isn't often you see a man in China cry. This man didn't exactly cry but he "lumped up," went to the door, and stood silently for a minute. Turning, he gave me a bow and went out. Nor have I seen him since. But many are the thoughts I've had. The man knows his doctrine. He knows those twin boys of his don't need a Mass; that they are in heaven; yet he offers a Mass. Why? Why? More intriguing.

Fifth: Judith, a mission orphan happily married and the mother of a beautiful daughter two years old, came around this morning and handed me ten thousand dollars (Chinese). "For sanctuary lamp oil," she said nonchalantly (as if she had been doing this for years). My eyes fairly popped. However, I accepted

the offering with appropriate thanks and waited for an explanation. It never pays to be curious; you'd never get the right answer in China that way. She went on telling about a house she and her husband had bought and paid for by raising two pigs. I kept saying to myself: "two pigs buy a house—must have been fat ones." Judith was so happy in being a property owner; no rent to pay, *face*, and what have you, with a roof over your head! Finally she invited me to a house blessing as soon as the place was made ready. "I'll come," I replied. Judith bowed herself out with the usual parting words, "Please be seated," and she was gone. Just like that. I still don't know, nor can I figure out any logical connection between a new house, two pigs, a ten thousand dollar donation for sanctuary lamp oil, and a house blessing. Most intriguing would be putting it mildly.



Smiles are always golden

If the readers of these lines see what I see in them you'll understand in part why missionaries in China love the Chinese people. Nothing is ever laid flat on the line: nothing very thrilling or interesting in such a procedure. Wrap it up in as much secrecy as possible, then say as little about it as you can, and smile as though everything was 100 per cent clear. That's intrigue *à l'orientale*. To me this native characteristic is intensely interesting; it keeps the missionary's mind alert and throbbing with curiosity. No blue days in China if you have a sense of humor and can be patient.

Gradually, after years of quiet observation, the missionary begins to know a thing or two about these people. And he does love them sincerely. Nevertheless, reflecting daily on such incidents as written above, he must admit he is often stumped. Then he realizes the Chinese are most interesting because a perplexing intrigue flows in their veins.

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Communism and Christianity

THE RADIO is an invention out of which flows a fascinating mixture of blessings, from refrigerators with shining depths and piles of silver dollars to stout sermons on the value of highmindedness and military preparedness and tooth paste. But from that box of shrieks and murmurs there come now and then very interesting programs. One which I try not to miss is "America's Town Meeting of the Air." I did miss half of one but found it all in somewhat abbreviated form in the next morning's paper.

The question of the week was: "Are Communism and Christianity Incompatible?" The principal speakers were a priest, an Episcopalian rector, a man who was once a correspondent in Russia and who was once referred to as a member of the clergy, and Dorothy Thompson.

The Catholic priest spoke very nicely but said nothing of any moment. He merely stated what we know: that Karl Marx is the founder of Communism, that all party members must be atheists, that churches in Russia are open only if they accept teachings from the Kremlin—all true statements and only too well known. Then he gave a "philosophical analysis of Communism," as stated by the Pope in an encyclical.

The minister said that the two tenets must be reconciled since Christ identified His movements not with one group but with all humanity. Russian methods may be strange, but he said that she is a "going concern," meeting the needs and receiving the allegiance of her people.

Dr. Davis said clearly that the two were not incompatible. He quoted a man who said that Russia is the most religious country in Europe and added that if the Church had not been backing counterrevolution it would not have been persecuted. The Protestant church is doing nicely there; he saw it at work. "Jesus healed the sick," he said; "Russia has provided free medicine for all. We are adopting a holier-than-thou attitude if we say, any system has the monopoly on Christian virtues."

The priest on the program spoke well enough, but the occasion demanded aggression. Besides, to quote an encyclical with such a mixed audience was not the best way to put over Christianity. Many Protestants and pagans were in the audience and to them the Pope is no authority—to many, in fact, far from that.

"Going Concern"

THE EPISCOPALIAN rector doesn't read widely or he would know the "going concern" he speaks of is going one way, and if you live there and want to go some other way you will land in Siberia or prison or even deeper down. He might read for his better education *The Dark Side of the Moon*, by a Pole who got mixed up with the going concern, or perhaps Chamberlin's *Russia's Iron Age*. "Her system works," says the rector. Well, that may be true, but so did the system that built the pyramids. "She meets the needs and receives the allegiance of her people," he says. How does he know? Where does he get the authority for such statements? Perhaps through some peephole in the iron curtain where he sees not a whole field but a tiny part of it. His one correct statement is that Christ did not identify His movements with

one group but with all humanity, but what a travesty of His meaning and His work to apply it as this man, trained to uphold His teachings, has done.

Dr. Davis may be right in his statement that Russia is the most religious country in Europe, but he is certainly wrong in saying that the Church got into trouble because it backed counterrevolution. I am not an authority on Russian history of the past twenty years, but I think it is safe to say that the true Metropolitan of the Orthodox Church there was long ago liquidated and the present authority is there because he is willing to go with the going concern, as the rector advised us to do. But the present chief authority of that Church in the United States will not unite his with the Russian Church, and so he is just another counterrevolutionist no doubt. "Off with his head," as the Red Queen put it so neatly to a puzzled Alice.

And here I shall now quote Miss Thompson, though a bit ahead of time, as a witness for the defense, for certainly Christianity was on the defensive in this meeting. She wanted to know why the clergy in Russia should not foment opposition to the regime if they believed the practices of the same were against Christianity?

Enter Dorothy Thompson

AS A MATTER OF FACT we have now reached Miss Thompson anyway and it is with a great relief. The priest quoted the encyclical; the rector quoted only himself, that Russia was a going concern and we must go with her because "the system works"; and the Soviet sympathizer quoted a writer who said Russia was very religious. Enter Dorothy Thompson who said the simple words the others had not thought to say. She suggested we go back to the words of the Founder, since after all Christianity is His work. He taught that the creative force in the universe is love, whereas Communism is bred in hate and envy, and not on brotherhood: that it has class struggle and war as its basis; that ethical imperatives can never settle differences according to its tenets. "After two thousand years," she said soberly, and speaking as men taught to preach Christianity should preach, "He still holds in His bleeding hands man's noblest hopes and deepest yearning, the yearning for a life and a society founded in love."

Is there any love in that "going concern"? Is there any sense in comparing Jesus healing the sick and Russia providing free medicine? Perhaps with these two gentlemen it is a matter of a new conception of Christ they want, as many do these days. If I had space I should like to quote at length the words of Father John Kennedy in the *Catholic Transcript*: "The truth about Him is defined and immutable. The trouble is that great numbers of men are not clear about His identity, authority, or work." And many offer a "saccharine caricature of Him," whereas He was "an unequivocal law-giver, a refuter of fuzzy error, an enunciator of hard and fast truths." And Father Kennedy spoke of the people who have preferred to mix a drop of His wisdom with a gallon of their own foolishness, "and so we have had chaos and catastrophe and these are coming to a climax in our own time."



Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are two of the well-known personalities in the star-studded musical, "Variety Girl"

Dog Classic

One of the year's surprise hits and a motion picture of unusual charm and beauty, *BOB, SON OF BATTLE* is a vividly effective Technicolor treat for every member of the family. With Edmund Gwenn, Lon McCallister, and Peggy Ann Garner in the leading roles, brilliant camera work and the always-absorbing presence of trained canines as assets, this adaptation of the Alfred Ollivant classic rates as top summer entertainment.

In this version of a story that has been a children's favorite for fifty years, the human actors are given greater importance, a fact which adds much to the dramatic value of the picture. Against the eye-pleasing background of the Scottish setting, the conflict between a boy and his drunken father blends effectively with the well-sustained suspense of an annual sheepdog competition. All ends well and you'll leave the theater feeling relaxed and refreshed. By concentrating more on this type of genuine entertainment and less on psychotic studies, Hollywood will be doing itself and its audiences a favor.

Gwenn, fresh from his triumph as Kris Kringle in *The Miracle on 34th Street*, makes a brilliant, whisky-swilling shepherd, and McCallister is also fine as his estranged son. A skillful and enjoyable divertissement, bound to please young and old alike. (20th Century-Fox)

The Theatrical Prospects

At this writing, producers, actors, and writers, interested in prodding the theater along to greater heights, are seriously concerned about the future. Though the past season did develop some financially successful offerings, the situation from an artistic standpoint was bleak. Worse than that, the

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

public recognized the fact that it was being lured with shiny substitutes for genuine dramatic values and spent its entertainment dollars on musicals or movies. With very few exceptions, last season's plays were flat, flabby, and inept.

Everything from Hollywood to surly box-office attendants has been blamed, but the principal, inescapable cause is that our name playwrights have fallen down on the job, and few producers are willing to gamble on newcomers. Add to that a wearisome concentration on "social significance," sex, and neuroticism and you have the reasons why the theater in this country is not the vital force it should be. For every good play like *Harvey* or *State of the Union*, there are a round dozen failures.

Shoestring producers with an eye to quick and easy profits; players, more ambitious than talented, placed in lead roles by friendly backers; playwrights more interested in their message than in the mechanics of their profession; writers and producers who are using the theater merely as a stepping stone to Hollywood assignments and affluence are the principal enemies of the theater in this country. They have stymied all the efforts of sincere drama lovers to bring the professional theater back to the position of esteem it occupied in the days when the play—and not the dollar—was the thing.

Private Lives

The offscreen activities of movie personalities have been high-pressured to the point where the social, political, and romantic standings of the stars keep an unbelievably large segment of the public intrigued. Names make news, and when those names have the added attraction of movie-world glamour plus a shrewd publicity build-up, the result is rather astounding.

Much of the news trickling into the gossip columns is manufactured hokum planted by energetic studio hacks anxious to keep their company's players in the public eye. Romances, feuds, and casting items have long been the standbys, but in the past year or so a more sinister note has crept into the stories with Hollywood by-lines. It is the increasingly brazen disregard for public sensibilities and decency by those who flaunt their offscreen actions and associations contemptuously and unashamedly. They are a discredit to the industry, to the many movie people who do live honestly and decently, and to the public which stupidly supports them.

The George Raft case is a good example. Raft's associations with the underworld have long been notorious. His open palship with the top names of gangdom, his own connection with various front-page scandals, and his sponsorship of several questionable characters in the industry make one

wonder why he is permitted to retain star status. Certainly not because of any great acting ability.

Then there is the case of Frank Sinatra, still coasting along on the success of that clever publicity stunt. A passably good singer but an inadequate actor, he has unfortunately served as the puppet and front man for many highly suspect political groups which eagerly capitalized on his popularity with impressionable teen-agers. Further, he has had more than his share of underworld associations and friends. He is now cast as a priest in *The Miracle of the Bells* in an endeavor to make the public forget headlines linking him with such unsavory individuals as Luciano and the Fischettis. It will take much more than a session of playacting to accomplish that.

In recent years actors have been taken up by various political groups in the belief that star names on campaign posters will entice the politically illiterate. An actor's political beliefs should be of no greater importance than the plumber's or the hairdresser's, but such is no longer the case. Propaganda-wise campaigners have given the thespians a mantle of political omniscience with the result that hardly a left-wing cause of any importance is without its movie-star supporters these days. The list is long and varies with the occasion, but chances are you'll find names like Fredric March, Edward G. Robinson, Gene Kelly, John Garfield, Sinatra, Orson Welles, and others prominently displayed. This is another problem for the industry to solve—before it is too late!

This article isn't long enough to mention the multi-marriage morons and the saloon brawlers who continually reflect discredit on the motion picture industry and make themselves highly ridiculous in the bargain. If their actions were shrouded in obscurity, a defense that their private lives are solely their own concern might carry weight. As it is, with headlines and radio blaring forth the lurid details, their offscreen activities can hardly be called private.

Such being the case, studios should include protective clauses in player contracts requiring some degree of private-life decorum in the interests of the industry and the public. Juvenile delinquency is one of our gravest problems today, and the riff-raff among the Hollywood stars, a minority though they be, are undoubtedly a contributing factor in giving some youngsters the wrong lead. They should either be curbed or forced into professional oblivion where their actions can harm none but themselves.

Reviews in Brief

FIESTA rates a notch or two above the typical Technicolor musical and several degrees better than the usual Hollywood conception of life below the Rio Grande. Though the story is mediocre material at best, the infectiously gay mood, the obviously sincere attempt to portray Mexico and Mexicans "as are," the unusually beautiful backgrounds and some especially effective dancing sequences make it an outstanding summer show for the entire family. Sincere performances are registered by Esther Williams, Mary Astor, John Carroll, Akim Tamiroff, and Ricardo Montalban in this lavish display that should find favor with audiences on both sides of the border. (M-G-M)

The murdering ladies continue to fascinate the movie-makers for some incomprehensible reason. This time it's Joan Fontaine who goes criminal in the title role of *IVY*, a melodrama of only minor merit. Set in the turn-of-the-century England, it revolves around an ambitious *femme fatale* who dispatches the men in her life by various means. Though it conforms to the requirements of adult fare, this is little more than a technical bore, despite its lush production and the presence of Patric Knowles, Herbert Marshall, Sara Allgood, Una O'Connor, and Lucille Watson in the cast. (Universal-International)

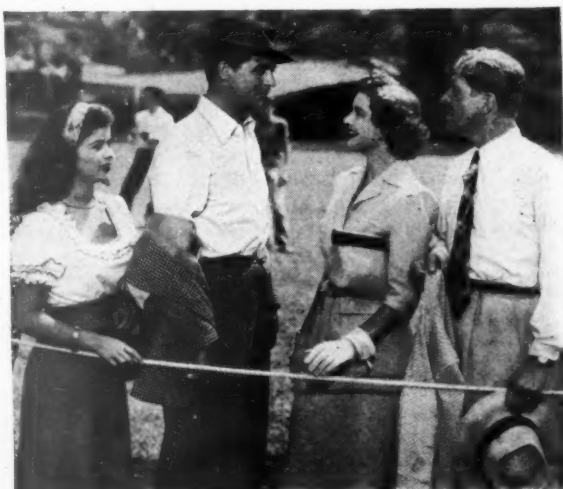
August, 1947



Tweed, who plays the leading role in "Bob, Son of Battle," is shown above with Peggy Ann Garner and Lon McCallister



Fortunio Bonanova and Ricardo Montalban in "Fiesta," entertaining Technicolor portrayal of life below the Rio Grande



Shirley Temple, Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Rudy Vallee in the hilarious farce, "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer"

Shorn of the novel's vulgarities and bearing only slight resemblance to its plot, the screen version of *THE HUCKSTERS* emerges from the cutting room as a tailored vehicle for its star, Clark Gable. It succeeds in providing him with the sort of role that catapulted him to prewar eminence and at the same time supplies audiences with the type of pseudo-sophistication they get by the ton in modern novels. The production is slick, expensive, often obvious, and only partially successful in camouflaging the suggestiveness with a veneer of respectability.

Gable's performance is excellent, while Sidney Greenstreet, Keenan Wynn, Edward Arnold, Ava Gardner, and particularly Adolphe Menjou help out with brilliant vignettes of radio-world figures. Deborah Kerr, imported from the British studios, contributes patrician beauty and little else to the hectic proceedings. Wakeman's trashy novel has benefited from the shampoo it received in the scenario department, but it remains minor-league storytelling with its best moments reserved for those close to the inner-circle idiosyncrasies of the advertising and radio fields. (M-G-M)

BRUTE FORCE is stark, violent melodrama played within the confines of penitentiary walls. In making its plea for justice tempered with mercy, the story depicts sadistic prison officials pitted against ruthless convicts in the battle for supremacy and freedom. The finished product is a grim study in hate, bloodshed, and suffering. Hardly designed for the squeamish, it will appeal primarily to those adults who like their melodrama raw and rough. One scene in which a psychopathic prison official administers an unmerciful beating to a prisoner might better have found its way to the cutting-room floor. The acting is first rate, with Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford, John Hoyt, Hume Cronyn, and Howard Duff heading the predominantly male cast, but Roman Bohnen's portrayal of the vacillating warden verges on caricature. This blend of typical gangster drama and sociological study is absorbing, provocative fare. (Universal-International)

Troubadour Joe Howard, who wrote many turn-of-the-century song hits, is the subject of a flashy, nostalgic Technicolor biography entitled *I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW*. Though it bears some slight resemblance to the actual Howard story, it, and he, have been given the usual Hollywood glamour treatment to a point where reality becomes a myth. Mark Stevens helps matters along with a personable, capable portrayal, and June Haver manages to meet the demands of her standardized role. The result of all the effort is a pleasant, minor-key musical. (20th Century-Fox)

The perennial *SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE* bobs up again and proves to be more exciting and interesting than many of its more recent thrill competitors. The story which served George M. Cohan so well at the height of his career has been given some new twists and a general overhauling, but the basic plot remains unchanged. Phil Terry, Margaret Lindsay, Arthur Shields, and Eduard Ciannelli do well enough in the leads of this swift-paced adventure yarn recommended for junior and senior mystery fans. (RKO-Radio)

Hilarity is the keynote of *THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER*, a timely, well-acted farce that should keep all members of the family amused and relaxed. At a laugh-a-minute pace it relates how a middle-aged artist is innocently involved with an impressionable high-school girl who believes herself in love with him. Haled into court, he is ordered to pose as the bobby-soxer's boy friend until she recovers from her infatuation. This involves such strenuous activities as basketball, a high-school picnic, and mastery of jive talk, before all concerned are happy to forget the entire affair. As portrayed by Cary Grant, the bachelor is not only humorous but pathetic, and Shirley Temple does her best work to date

as the youngster who finally gets the proper perspective. Myrna Loy, Rudy Vallee, and Johnny Sands add to the fun in one of the year's best comedies. (RKO-Radio)

The subject of racial intolerance with particular emphasis on anti-Semitism makes its screen bow in a rather confused preachment that misses fire both as entertainment and as a warning against the danger of hatred. *CROSSFIRE* tells of an obviously psychopathic soldier who brutally murders a stranger seemingly because the man is a Jew and "no Jew is going to tell me how to drink his liquor." He then murders a friend who had witnessed the original crime and eventually falls into the trap set by the police. Judged by his actions and speech he belongs in a mental institution rather than a jail, but that point is not stressed in the production.

Woven into the melodramatic crossfire of the story are several messages against intolerance of any sort, with special reference to the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudice of the past. As negative in its approach to the subject as the Prohibition Amendment was to the liquor problem, this adult drama misses the mark by a wide margin. There is pressing need for screen attention to the problem of both religious and racial bigotry, but if such a movie is to pound its message into prejudiced minds the approach must be positive, constructive, and intelligent. Contrived sensationalism will never do it. Robert Young, Robert Ryan, Sam Levene, Robert Mitchum, and George Cooper register standout performances. (RKO-Radio)

Suggestive dialogue and situations detract considerably from the comedy value of *FUN ON A WEEKEND*. It's the thrice-told tale of a penniless boy and girl with a yen for the comforts and pleasures of high society. A taste of the gay life, however, convinces them that love in a cottage has greater advantages. Eddie Bracken and Priscilla Lane give a semblance of fun to a story that has been done before—and better. (United Artists)

Abounding in star names and paced by the sprightly routines of Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, *VARIETY GIRL* fills the bill as lightweight musical entertainment. There is a story buried someplace under the mountain of gags and slapstick humor, but it isn't important enough to outweigh the fun content. Newcomer Mary Hatcher makes an impressive debut, and there are brief contributions by Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Dorothy Lamour, Alan Ladd, William Bendix, Ray Milland, Barry Fitzgerald, and Cecil B. DeMille. An enjoyable hot-weather excursion for all. (Paramount)

GUNFIGHTERS is an adult Western with all the familiar trappings of sound and fury plus a few novel twists that lift it above the average level. Based on a Zane Grey yarn, with Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton, and Bruce Cabot contributing expert performances, the Cinecolor camera capturing some magnificent backgrounds, and a bright scenario treatment by crack action-writer Alan LeMay, the picture covers familiar ground in laudable fashion. Recommended for the grown-up adventure addicts. (Columbia)

Violently melodramatic and rather confused in its purpose, *THE LONG NIGHT* relies largely on the performances of Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel Geddes for its mild success. Telling of a disillusioned veteran who murders a sadistic night club magician for stealing his girl, the story hints at, but never actually declares, other possible reasons for the killing. Related in intricate flashback fashion that often defeats its own purpose, the picture fails to attain its goal, principally through faulty script and directorial efforts. The result is merely an average crime story brightened in part by good technical achievements. For adults only. (RKO-Radio)

Letter From London



The British clear ruins and reconstruct. They are doing it on short rations, as the queues at food stores (as at left) graphically indicate

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

DEAR COUNTRY:

I know I'm the last person you expected to hear from—for why should a great country expect to hear from an "unheard-of"? But ever since leaving you about two months ago, you've been much in my thoughts, and so many new adventures have recently befallen me that I can't resist the impulse to relate them. In selecting a victim to write to, it occurred to me that I might just as well have an important one.

Not that I expect you to be anything but oblivious to this indiscretion. The weakness of most letter writers is, you will admit, that they write more for the fun of it than from any regard for their readers—which is much the same attitude that amateur actors have toward their audiences.

But to get on with it, like Caesar, and more recently like certain of our poli-

ticians, I came to England. Each of us had, naturally, a different objective. Caesar came to conquer, and the politicians came to—but let's not go into all that. Caesar wrote a book about it, and the New Deal wrote checks; so there seems to be no reason why I shouldn't write a letter, although some may hold otherwise.

Unlike Caesar and the politicians, my departure for England caused no excitement except that within myself when taking off from La Guardia Field on an evening late in May, not many hours after the crash which killed fifty people.

As I recently explained to Canon Rafael Gogolinsky (representative here for Polish projects of War Relief Services—N.C.W.C.) I was so frightened that, throughout the entire flight, I fingered my rosary. He who was the first pilot-priest in the Polish Air Force, and a captain in the R.A.F., said: "That's nothing. Every time I flew, I was so frightened that I couldn't even find mine."

Not that this was my first flight over the Atlantic. That had occurred eight years ago when, on my being caught in London at the outbreak of war, Saint Anthony found a place for me on the last plane to leave over the northern route. It was the "Yankee Clipper," and aircraft more luxurious could scarcely

The Battle of Britain isn't over for the English.

They are still fighting their way back to traditional peacetime standards



Music Appreciation

► At the end of a concert in Lewisohn Stadium the other night, we were glad to note that a couple of ushers were applauding harder than anybody else. We were just beginning to work up a little homily about where true lovers of music are to be found when one of the ushers stopped applauding. "Keep clapping, dope," the other said sharply. "One more encore and we're on overtime."

The New Yorker

be imagined. There was a square lounge with reading tables, frequent and delicious meals, interesting fellow passengers, delightful conversation, and a commodious private stateroom in which to fall asleep as we soared within hailing distance of the stars.

During the intervening years I had cherished the memory of that beautiful trip and eagerly looked forward to another like it. But to my disappointment on that recent May evening, I entered a plane whose interior was laid out like that of a cross-country bus. Unromantic rows of double seats ran up and down each side. There was no lounge; there was no room for anything but people. One slept in one's seat (or rather, didn't) and the only meal served on the plane was one small breakfast (preceded by toast and coffee at the airport in New Brunswick where we put down at 3:30 A.M. because of storms, and followed by dinner in Ireland late that evening). In a flight which consumed twenty-three hours and was almost ten hours late, we went nine hours without food.

My seat companion was a restless child of seven whose restlessness and frequent trips for cups of water with which she baptized me only increased as the journey lengthened. How things had changed! That is, everything except the price.

BUT for all that, there was this about it: the revelation that now, after eight years, all America was traveling by air—seven-league boots, or rather wings, across the world. A soldier's wife from a farm in the Middle West with two small children and no nurse was on board, nonchalantly flying to join her husband—Nebraska to India by air. The war had transformed what had hitherto been luxury travel into a completely democratic service, of the people and for the people. To repeat the oft-repeated: for America, geographic isolation has become a thing of the past.

London! In spite of all that one had heard and read, London was a shock. Up and down, far and wide, in the city, the shopping centers, the residential sec-

tions, and the outlying suburbs stretches the appalling testimony to the Blitz. Scarcely a block of this gigantic web woven by countless generations living, working, and dying here from a time to which the "memory of man runneth not," has been left unscarred. The rain of death and destruction was no respecter of persons; Mayfair presents as grim a spectacle as Whitechapel.

Everywhere it is obvious that the city has done its best to put its house in order; stones and debris have been carted away; bright prefabricated houses, greenery and flowers have risen upon ancient stone foundations. It is the countless rugged walls, still silently stretching themselves upward, which tell the story. There is no eloquence to equal that of their exposed, gutted interiors. Ruins of commercial buildings may be viewed more or less objectively—but something happens to one when gazing into the chaos of what so recently was the ordered shelter of a home. Bizarrely prominent on the wall are the lines where once the staircase mounted; there the tiles of a kitchen remain visible; and here are glimpsed, high up on the wall, the staring, empty shelves of built-in bookcases.

One beautiful old house on South Audley Street with its entire façade blown away, still holds its floors and walls intact. Visible to all, exposed to rain and weather, is the soft green and gold of an exquisite eighteenth-century drawing room with Adam paneling.

It is not so far from here to the houses of the poor, and these evoke the strongest emotion. For the fireplaces built into the stark walls remain, black caverns facing empty space, silent testimony to the family life which once was lived about their vanished hearths—to the glow of homey fires which once warmed them. It is said that below, beneath layers of embedded rubble, lie many unknown graves. . . .

The area of "the City" around St. Paul's is laid as bare as the palm of one's hand—a far-stretching desert of shattered stonework which once was as densely built as New York's lower Broadway.

Month after month, year after year, came the bombs, eventually to be met with stoicism and almost indifference. Probably during the raids as many people stayed precisely where they happened to be as sought the shelters where it was impossible to sleep. A young girl who serves customers at a near-by grocery store, told me that she had spent thirty consecutive nights in a shelter, without sleep, reporting to work every morning at nine o'clock and remaining at her post until time to go underground again. The marvel is that Londoners show no sign of strain. Bus conductors, policemen, tradesmen, and passers-by are disarmingly courteous and good-natured.

The first Sunday I went to Mass in the little church of Our Lady in St. John's Wood. There above the altar rose a large stained-glass window of the Crucifixion—that is, what was left of it. The upper part of the body of Him who had died leaving His peace to the world, had been shattered by war, and a great black cloth was stretched below the crown of the head to the waist, and from wrist to wrist of the outstretched arms. It was as though the Figure of Peace hung draped in mourning. Gothic arches, which once had framed other windows, were nailed across with boards.

Westminster Cathedral was, to all appearances, unharmed, although almost next door, a bomb had destroyed the Church of England's "St. Andrew's"; and the famous Farm Street church of the Jesuits had stood like a rock while on all sides, not a stone's throw away, buildings had crashed and burned. To be sure, flaming fragments had burned their way through the roof and left their deep scars in the floor about the pulpit.

Sometimes one has to travel to England, to find out the truth about America. For instance, it seems that we were never richer and that in the United States food and clothing have been plentiful and cheap. I was glad to learn this, not realizing it a few weeks ago when I was with you. It seems, too, that we have had no shortages—so everything we women have gone through trying to make a size twelve do for a size thirty-six, and unsuccessfully visiting six shops for one pair of shoes that will fit, is purely illusory.

England is "jolly grateful" for all the help it received from America in the war, and our boys who were over here were "topping"; great lads with great hearts and great pocketbooks, and a certain way with the girls. . . . Oh yes! "Not that we minded that," have admitted two young Britons, former servicemen. "In fact, we didn't blame the girls. The Americans gave them all their chocolate and cigarettes and were good fun besides. They were just as generous to

us with drinks. They were always spoofing, even when in action. It sort of cheered a fellow up, you know. We'd rather like to have them back." After F.D.R., Marshall is the greatest statesman ever; *Oklahoma* the greatest show.

I haven't been hungry, because packages from America and fresh eggs from friends in the country come frequently to the house where I'm staying. But everywhere, in the homes, in the simplest restaurants and most elaborate hotels, the diet is "stiffly starched" with spaghetti, bread, and potatoes when obtainable. I saw my first grapefruit and first orange after three weeks in London; it will be several weeks before I shall see another; while those beautiful English strawberries at the equivalent of two dollars a basket are only for millionaires.

THE hungriest people are the poor, who stand in long queues to wait for the cheaper fish and cuts of meat; who cannot afford to pay the prices of the food they so much need. I went marketing in Soho, because it was said that the barrows along the sidewalks in this "melting-pot" of London where all nationalities mingle closely, offer lower prices. But the prices were no lower than elsewhere; a bunch of asparagus was the equivalent of a dollar and a quarter; a cauliflower and a cucumber, each seventy-five cents. The poor apparently live on "greens" and potatoes, but even these are not cheap. And thus far I seem to be the only one in London to find anything ironic in the familiar sign attached to a well-known chain of delicatessen shops: "Jolly's Appetite Creators."

A salesman at one of the food stores told me: "I don't mind doing without my drop of Scotch or gin, or without cigarettes—but when I can't get vegetables for my kiddies, and they have to go un nourished, it's a bit rough." (The Scotch is unobtainable; the gin only to "registered" customers, and more than the equivalent of five dollars a bottle; and twenty cigarettes cost from about sixty-eight cents upward.) There is grumbling, but the inherent patience of the Briton, the will to "take it," to abide by the law, seem inexhaustible. I remember a brilliant English editor once remarking: "There will never be a revolution in England; the people are too patient."

True, a group of housewives recently protested the high food prices and even staged a mild demonstration. To which Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney General, replied by castigating the ladies and calling them "impertinent." Since then they seem to have been quiet except for one brave soul who wrote a letter to *The Times*:

"Sir: Sir Hartley Shawcross's labeling

as impertinent the communication of the lady who said our standard of living had collapsed, shows him either ignorant of or indifferent to the general feeling among women of the country. If he will stand for ten minutes in any queue of shopping women, in the vegetable market at Hammersmith, for example, he will find that nineteen out of twenty of the queuers, of whatever politics, take the same impertinent view.

"If being for several weeks without coal in the severest weather of the winter, as at least four of my acquaintances, including myself, were, at the same time, enduring five-hour electricity cuts daily; if having for weeks to pay 1s.6d a lb. for cabbage or another wilted greenstuff on which to feed a family of five or six; if having to share one's bread coupons with one or more single persons who otherwise would not get enough to eat; if having to take provisions, soap, and towel whenever one spends a night away, whether at a friend's house or at a hotel—if these do not constitute a collapse in living standards, perhaps Sir Hartley will tell us what does.—Elinor Williams."

Personally, I felt like cheering her. In fact, it would seem that the women are the only ones who are "speaking up" at all. Protesting the Government's drive to get more women in industry, the Hon. Mrs. Bower, President of the Union of Catholic Mothers, recently said:

"The Government wants mothers to have more babies and wants them to work as well. In other words, they want a five-day week for men, and a ten-day week for women. . . . More juvenile delinquency has been caused by mothers going to work than from any other cause."

But to a new and far from thoroughly apprised observer, it would seem that the "people" generally are behind the Labor Government. There's a sort of attitude which seems to say: "Give them five years to show what they can do; as uncomfortable as it is now, things are better this way." Naturally, the capitalist class—what is left of it in England—holds strongly to a position diametrically opposed. And I heard a leading in-

dustrialist declare: "For the time, it's best to have Labor 'in.' Postwar strikes would have been far more numerous, labor unrest far more serious, had England gone Conservative." Mr. Bevin seems to hold the confidence of all classes; and they have liked the way he arose to the Marshall Plan. His forthright language wins much admiration.

Human tragedies of war stalk the great stage of London. Throngs in a crowded street pass a blind member of the R.A.F. in shabby clothes, playing a street piano, the chords rattling the coppers in his cup. At a luncheon, one sits next to a woman who explains simply that she lost her only son in the war. The other day in a church, I saw a man before an image of the Sacred Heart with prie-dieu beneath it. But he did not kneel. He was on crutches, and one leg was gone. He stood there a long time. . . .

Such impressions evoke the memory of similar episodes in America. Perhaps it is in the common connotation of these where really lies the stanchest tie between the two countries. Is it enough to link them irrevocably? Heartstrings are not as tangible as treaties and trade—but stronger.

England is far from being Catholic, but in a recent issue of *The Times*, the "Personal" column, printed with other advertisements on the first page (the important news being hidden safely inside—"it does save one from shocks, you know," as one Englishwoman recently explained) carried the following: "Grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart for favors received.—Joan." The first advertisement in this column, day by day, is nothing less than a brief verse from the Bible. . . . Beneath it run appeals for lodging, for secondhand clothing, and such confidential items as this: "I feel I could train a young man in the wine trade in about two years." I looked in vain to see someone retaliate: "In the wine cellar? After two years, how would the young man feel?"

But as a friend of mine would have it, "this has all gone far enough." I think you will agree.

My love to you, America!

Giveaway

► Strolling through the card room of a businessmen's club the other night, one of the members was surprised to see three men and a dog playing poker. Pausing to watch the proceedings he commented on the extraordinary performance of the dog.

"He's not so smart," the dog's owner remarked in disgust. "Every time he gets a good hand he wags his tail."

Mary Maloney



An Old Man by the Window

By JOHN-HOLMES COLEMAN

Illustrated by C.J. MAZOUJIAN

HE HAD reached the age and the condition in life when any morning someone might come into his room, then sally out again to announce:

"Mr. Gill is dead."

Gouty and breathing with effort, a stubble on his pale puffy cheeks, Maurice Gill spent his afternoons in a rocking chair by the window. His hands were crossed over his portly chest. He had nothing else to do with his hands; and this made it easier to pray. Hour after hour he sat by the open window in this clement month of August, enjoying the cool breezes that occasionally stroked his face, now watching the boys who played baseball in the street below, now thinking.

Mostly he thought.

He was near the most important experience that can happen to a man. At any time—possibly tonight—he might have to give an account of his life. He would see Christ, no longer in His edible disguise: what would Christ think of him?

People spoke of him as a good man. It was true that scandalous sin had never touched him; and there was no getting around the fact that he was more religious than most men he knew. Yet this might be a mere matter of temperament. How would he appear to the One who lowered Himself lower than the ground in His mercy, but who, in His aspirations for us, looked higher than the heavens? He knew he would hear: Maurice Gill, how vehemently and consistently have you tried to be a saint?

Whenever his meditations brought him to this question he stiffened a little in his seat, vaguely fearful. Then he would regain his calm, and with it, a boundless fervor.

Sanctity! That was the only thing that mattered. He had to attain it; for no other reason had he been put on earth. He *had* to love God with every movement of his body, with every thought in his cantering clouds of thoughts; to follow Him through tribulation and disgust, to follow Him breaking through the barriers of temptations, losing his

own self on the way until at the finish there would be nothing left of him, only Christ in him.

At these thoughts his knobby hands, joined over his belly, crept forward tensely.

He still had time to make his life a significant one. Would God but send him real tribulations, an opportunity to show his love of Him! It was no trial to feel thick and aching all over, to have lost friends and wife, to be forbidden cigarettes and even a thimbleful of Dubonnet, to be denied the excitement of managing a bookshop; no, he wanted in some real way to show his love of Christ. He knew that if he had to he would joyfully thrust his hand into a glowing brazier to defend the Faith. He would choose the lion's den rather than commit sin.

This late afternoon Maurice Gill sat as usual by the window, rocking like a daisy nudged by an idle wind. The sun bathed him in glassy yellowness. Shrill and irregular boys' shouts arose from the street, but he did not hear them: he was thinking of his last day. At one moment he saw himself outside his own body, kneeling with his head down by his knees, weeping without end before his Saviour whom he, too, had crucified.

A dull rapping began above his head. He started. He ran his hand down his prickly cheek. The rapping continued. He began to murmur an invocation and ended it in a roar:

"Damn it! Fanny!" he cried, clumsily turning himself in the rocking chair. "Fanny, why in the devil don't you go up and ask them to stop?"

His daughter took her time in coming. He was about to call again when she came in—a striking woman nearing mid-

dle age, with pretty black hair.

"Father, are you going to yap like this every evening? You can hardly hear that knocking."

"I tell you—" He sought the exact strong words that would at last make her visit the people upstairs, but then, as he was raising a crooked finger in expostulation, the noise stopped.

"You ought to be ashamed. A little noise a few minutes each day, and you raise the roof." Fanny's eyes gleamed. "You're so cranky and spoiled! A lot of good it does you to hobble every day to Mass, Maurice Gill."

IT WAS all true, the old man thought to himself when his daughter had gone, bowing his head in shame. Talk of being a saint! He wasn't worth his own crutches. He'd put on Christ only in words, in his own head. And the terrible hour was near when the sham would be stripped from him.

He felt foolish at his thirst for deeds of heroic virtue. Good enough for him would be to keep from sinning! As he sat thinking he remembered a fairy tale of his youth, in which some prince had been given a ring that pricked his finger whenever he did wrong. If the prince persisted in evil, the ring pricked harder, even to the drawing of blood.

"That's what I ought to have, with that I could reach perfection," the old man muttered, suddenly inspired by his memory. He shifted himself in his flattened cushion, and his eye followed, down in the street, the yellow-glinting ball in its curve away from the bat.

He was musing over the ring, late the next afternoon, when the rapping started.

He hugged the ends of the wooden

arms. My God, he prayed precipitously, give me patience, forbearance. His ears hummed; his breathing was quick. *Rap, rap-rap, rap.*

"Fanny!"

They could have heard him in the street.

"Fanny," he roared again, when he heard his daughter's footsteps; "this time you're absolutely going upstairs and tell them to quit that rapping, or do it in some other room—or not in the afternoon!"

"Why, Maurice Gill," Fanny began, her amazed eyes flashing indignantly, but her father shushed her so sharply that she gave a little gasp, straightened her skirt and turned to go.

"Wait." He passed his horny hand over his brow. "Tell them upstairs that my sister—that your aunt is here and very nervous, and that you're awfully sorry that—"

"I'll tell them that!" his daughter snapped, and was off.

He heard the front door shut. He could think of nothing until the noise ended, then he hardly dared address God: with a jerk he uncrossed his hands. A moment later he crossed them again. My God, he prayed, even if this seems stupid, I pray Thee give me a ring like the one in the fairy tale, to make me do Thy will and not mine. Make me suffer tribulations and thus become worthy of Thee, he added, a sickening sense coming over him that his life was too easy.

He had no real hardships, no responsibilities; his pains, though constant, were seldom acute. And he had the unspeakable consolation of his daughter. A widow, she was devoted to him as if he were her child. She doctored him at all hours of the night when his toes were swollen and stabbing him with pain; she read to him when he was tired; she ac-

companied him to Mass. There were times when she was short with him and nagged him to distraction—but when she did he deserved it. Why had God favored him with such a daughter? God did not thus favor His saints.

That night at dinner Fanny said:

"You know what that rapping was? Mrs. Tornsen chopping up her vegetables for a special health soup. She and Mr. Tornsen aren't well either; you're not the only one. Now, she told me, she'll chop them up on a board on her bed—or in the morning, when 'your sister's out.'" This last she said in a sarcastic tone. "You see what you make her do? Do you think that's Christian?"

It only *seems* not, he whispered to himself; but he would say not a word.

"I tell you—" He sought the exact strong words that would make her visit the people upstairs





A SIGN SPORTS STORY

LADIES IN WAITING

AS August fades into September, three hard-hitting American girls will reach a conclusive and dramatic finish on the famed center court at Forest Hills in their bitter battle to succeed Pauline Betz as queen of the courts.

Miss Betz, the strawberry blonde who ruled women's tennis for five years, turned professional, and now her successor must come from this trio:

Doris Hart, a Miami youngster who once was crippled by infantile paralysis, or two, clouting Californians, pretty Margaret Osborne and bouncing Louise Brough.

All three of them have been close, and each time they were halted just short of cherished glory by Pauline, the tenacious champion. Miss Brough was her victim in the finals of 1942 and 1943. The next year it was Miss Osborne, who tumbled in the final match, and last year the tall, determined Miss Hart fought valiantly in a losing cause before finishing as runner-up.

A lot of people will be rooting for Doris Jane Hart, the twenty-one-year-old with the fuzzy hair who once was slated for a lifetime as an invalid.

Doris was three years old when she fell against a metal toy and slashed her knee. Infection affected both legs. The right, in particular, was drawn up behind her and doctors offered only amputation. For almost three years Mrs. Hart massaged those legs until finally Doris again began to take steps.

But then, at the age of ten, Doris' frail body collapsed from a double hernia. This time there was an operation, wheel chairs, and another long period of inactivity.

Back on her feet again, Doris pinned for activity when her brother, Dick, appeared with two tennis racquets. Thus was a champion born.

But then, Margaret Osborne is convinced that she shall be crowned

in the big one. This undoubtedly is the last chance for Margaret, a beautiful brunette who had the strength and endurance necessary to reach so near the top. And Margaret, at twenty-nine, admits she is the "logical successor."

Miss Osborne is one of those Californians who grew up on the tennis courts and points out that she defeated Miss Hart four out of five times last year while beating Miss Brough in four out of six matches.

Yet there is, in addition to Miss Hart, the little matter of Louise Brough's ambitions. The bouncing Louise, a formidable 150-pounder, created a sensation when she first appeared on the tournament circuit in 1942 and won ten straight tournaments. She then was a youngster of nineteen who turned to tennis because she hated her piano lessons, and she knocked them dead.

But Louise lost out in the finals that year, and also in 1943, to Miss Betz. She did it gracefully but was unimpressed and believes that finally this is her year.

Those three—Doris Hart, Margaret Osborne, and Louise Brough—undoubtedly are the cream of the current crop of women players in the world. They have everything a champion needs, particularly for the new type of fighting game the ladies are playing today.

They command a cannonball service; are steady from the baseline; smash and volley with power; run like deer and storm the net with the abandon of kids on a picnic. They sharpened all that abroad in Wimbledon, Holland, and France as they headed for their vendetta in the nationals.

As for the final winner of the national amateur crown, your guess is as good as anyone else's. It might be the gritty Doris, who almost missed her chance completely because of childhood paralysis; pretty Margaret, the veteran of the trio; or buxom Louise.

But it won't be anybody else, and that's for sure!

—OSCAR FRALEY

After all, God didn't want him to become a bundle of nerves, a prey to daily anger. His daughter badgered him a little time longer, then left off.

What a joy it was for him, the next day, to note that it was well past seven and that no overhead tattoo had come to throw bedlam into his heart. But at dinner tattoo there was—of a different sort.

"Maurice Gill, you think you're a godly man, you're always saying your rosary, talking to me about God and death and perfection, and yet you sit there smugly making life impossible for the people upstairs. You're dripping with self-love and uncharity."

He held her glance as she said this. She was tall like him, dark-haired as he'd once been; she was flesh of his flesh, and he had the disagreeable feeling that she saw clearly into him.

"I suppose today Mrs. Tornsen chopped her vegetables in the morning and by the time she put them in her soup they were stale. A fine Christian!"

That was hard to take. Yet he knew he wasn't in the wrong. Or did he? If she kept on needling him she could probably make him feel he was in mortal sin, he thought petulantly.

"You don't have a long while to live, father," Fanny said quietly, and her words of reprimand had a rueful note. "Think how God would love you if you put up with that rapping."

"Will you be quiet!"

SHE was willowy, with a small head that repeatedly nodded. Below the pouches of her eyes an anxious smile played about her lips.

He rested one shoulder against the doorjamb, and the other shoulder he held propped up with a crutch. His ashen cheeks were shaved. He spoke low, as though afraid of being overheard by someone.

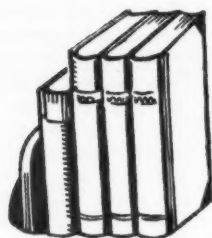
"My daughter—I mean my sister—has left again. I'm so sorry for the trouble she gave you. But you mustn't bother any more."

After the fifth repetition of this message—Mrs. Tornsen had interrupted incessantly, offering to continue her little favor—he limped down to his floor. He felt uncommonly close to God that afternoon, basking in the glorious, still warmth, when the thumping began. As always it caught him by surprise—a series of explosions inside his head.

He clenched his joined hands over his waistcoat. The bubbling of rage was rising up toward his mouth, close to bursting forth into imprecations and a call for Fanny. He remembered. His agitation slackened.

My God, he prayed, I thank Thee for giving me the magic ring. I thank Thee for my daughter.

THE † SIGN



Books



I HAVE TWO COUNTRIES

By Mbonu Ojike. 208 pages. The John Day Co. \$3.00

Mbonu Ojike, whose first book, *My Africa*, took American readers inside his native Nigeria, now shows them America through the eyes of a visiting Nigerian—a view of ourselves which may give some new and valuable ideas to white and Negro Americans alike.



Mbonu Ojike

In 1939 he arrived in this country from Africa. Now in 1947 he is just past thirty and has earned a Bachelor's Degree from Ohio State University and a Master's from the University of Chicago. He has lectured all over the country, has been made an officer in many associations representing his race, and has written two books.

Money, to pursue his studies was supposed to be forwarded by his relatives in Nigeria but, because of the war, only very small amounts could be sent. Mbonu had to earn money himself, completely inexperienced as he was, or return to Africa. He stayed and earned money. There was none of the false pride of some scholars in him, and his sense of humor never failed. During his first summer in the United States he worked in a fish market and as a handyman in a Catskill hotel. He wrote innumerable letters of application which remained unanswered. He remarks, "It amused me how they knew I was not good anyway."

He earned the tuition for his first year at an American university by working six hours a day as janitor, at the same time carrying a full academic schedule, participating in athletics and other campus activities, including "dating" the co-eds, and in his "spare time" giving lectures on Nigeria as often as he was invited to do so. All this he did because of a "burning desire to Americanize" himself.

His degrees once attained, the lectures on Nigeria which had been an avocation, indulged in because of his conviction that understanding between nations can come only with knowledge, became, under the guidance of a good manager, a full-time profession. In fulfilling his lecture tours, he even made

excursions into the deep South, where his experiences with Jim Crow aroused in him a desire to fight "racism" all over the world. This and his zeal for a Nigeria free from British rule became the dominating aims of his life.

Mbonu Ojike's unfamiliarity with English is noticeable, particularly in the early chapters where quaint phraseology and strange use of words often bring a smile the writer did not intend. But as one reads, amusement gives way to wholehearted respect. Mbonu Ojike is an intelligent man who triumphed over handicaps, asked no favors, accepted nothing without proof, but thought things out for himself and reached some very shrewd and incontestably logical conclusions. Especially admirable are his faith, his fair-mindedness, and his eschewing of the Leftist organizations which he saw for what they are.

MARY BURKE HOWE

THE HIDDEN DAMAGE

By James Stern. 406 pages. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$4.00

Born in Ireland and educated in England, James Stern reached literary prominence by such varied achievements as a collection of short stories on life in Southern Rhodesia and translations of works by Stefan Zweig and Bertolt Brecht. In May 1945, after V-E Day, he was flown to Germany as a "bombing analyst" of the U. S. Department of War. He had to interview civilians about their war experiences, in particular the effect which Allied air raids had on their morale. The answers which he quotes in the book made it plain that "saturation" bombing had no major effect as far as the people's morale was concerned—a conclusion confirmed by many other sources.

Mr. Stern's principal interest, however, did not consist in the filling out of questionnaires for the Strategic Bombing Survey, but in an attempt to discover "the hidden damage" caused by the war and the Nazi regime. Chapters on Paris and London, where "life will never be the same again," provide an effective preface to a vivid description of his mission in the American zone of Germany,



James Stern

especially in the Munich, Keimpten, and Nuremberg areas.

The book is extremely well written and gives a lively picture of the mentality of people in Southern Germany in the summer and fall of 1945, the "year of surrender." Many things have happened since then, and such important institutions as political parties, labor unions, schools, newspapers, and youth organizations had hardly begun to function when Mr. Stern was in Germany. The book is definitely not an adequate description of Germany today, but it does give a great deal of insight into the German mentality and easily holds the reader's interest until the last page.

The author has refrained from drawing general conclusions. The only significant exception is his reference to the absence of any feeling of guilt on the part of most Germans. He describes this in terms of a paradox: "The feeling of guilt among Germans is so colossal they simply cannot face it, much less give it expression."

The book contains two striking examples of heroism based on Christian convictions: the story of Schurik Schmorell (one of the Munich students executed in July 1943), whose parents Mr. Stern visited and whose farewell letters he quotes, and the story of Prince Fugger, the Catholic nobleman whom the conspirators of July 20, 1944, wanted to make Governor of Bavaria and who survived prison and tortures.

WILLIAM SOLZBACHER

THOMAS EDWARD SHIELDS

By Justine Ward. 309 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

Educators and child psychologists will revel in Justine Ward's biography *Thomas Edward Shields*. Here is the case history, so to speak, of a backwoods, dull-witted youngster cruelly mistreated by teachers and immigrant parents and apparently headed toward the career of a first-rate juvenile delinquent. But the cloud lifted. Then, through the grace of God and sheer initiative, young Tom Shields began his climb to eminence as a scientist, educa-



Justine Ward

tor, and writer on the faculty of the Catholic University of America. This strange case of the "Omadhaun" has been solved by Dr. Shields in *The Making and Unmaking of a Dullard*. Mrs. Ward gives fewer details.

She documents her accounts of the bitter struggles of this "human dynamo," as she calls Dr. Shields, in opening a new era in Catholic education. As a collaborator in introducing Gregorian Chant in the parochial school curriculum, Mrs. Ward knew Dr. Shields well. He emerges from her pages a heroic yet controversial figure—not one who would inaugurate an "activity program," but one who dared to condemn the poll parrot "question and answer" school (even uprooting such a permanent fixture as the *Baltimore Catechism*) and urged Catholic schools to adopt what came to be known as the Shields Method, founded on the cardinal principle that children be taught "to think."

Parent-Teacher Associations would do well to choose *Thomas Edward Shields* as their book-of-the-month.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT

BABIES KEEP COMING

Edited by Becky Reyher. 530 pages. Whittlesey House. \$3.75

A sizable anthology devoted to the perennial subject of babies and all they represent may appear superfluous to some of the reading public, while others will regard it as woefully inadequate. Both of these viewpoints are illustrated in the work of the various authors represented here, where Dickens, Stevenson, and Henry James rub shoulders with Ogden Nash and Robert Benchley; and where the tone of the writing ranges from the spiritual and inspirational to the witty and cynical.

In arranging her material, the author has devoted sections to the baby's arrival, his fond parents, assorted relatives, his habits, and his nurse. Two memorable sections include a group of lullabies and tales of the Christ Child. In the latter, many readers will miss familiar lines such as Thompson's "Little Jesus," and some of G. K. Chesterton's tender Christmas verse which really should be represented. As in the case of every anthology, the problem of what to include and what to exclude will always be resolved by readers as well as editors, according to their individual tastes and beliefs.

While some of the material represents up-to-date medical information and psychological advice, the book is chiefly to be read for sheer entertainment value. Refreshing in its lack of sentimentality, *Babies Keep Coming* should bring a



Becky Reyher

chuckle and a warm feeling around the heart of those who are already acquainted with the winsome creatures or who anticipate making their acquaintance.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT STEIGER

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

By J. F. Powers. 277 pages. Doubleday & Co. \$2.75

Of the eleven short stories collected in this volume, five deal with nuns and priests or both, four probe the bleeding sores of race prejudice, the tenth is a charming, old-fashioned "love story," and the last is a poignant tale of the shattering disillusionment of adolescent hero worship. Mr. Powers' settings are unusual, his treatment unconventional, which may account for occasional obscurity; a few of his stories required a second reading, at least.

Character development rather than plotting seems to be his technique. The petty human failings of the clergy, and the stupid, inhuman, unchristian brutality of race prejudice appear to be his favorite themes, if one may judge from this collection. He writes of both with remarkable objectivity and finely tempered anger, but one would like to take Mr. Powers around and introduce him to some of the truly admirable priests that one has met. The priests he portrays are for the most part a sad and sorry lot, and one wonders if they are the only kind that Mr. Powers knows. The picture is unbalanced. The title of the story which gives the book its name might well be taken as Mr. Powers' label for the clergy in general. However, if one may take the meaning of one of his best stories, "Lions, Harts, Leaping Does," and apply it to the others, personal regeneration rather than vilification is his message.

Our favorite story in this collection—even though it may not be the best story—is the one called "The Trouble." It is the story of a race riot seen and told by a Negro child. More powerful than any sermon on race prejudice is the simple, magnificent reply of the priest to the white man who had taken part in the bloody riot against the Negroes:

"I'm a Catholic, too, Father," the white man said.

"That's the trouble," the priest said."

FORTUNATA CALIRI

PARDON AND PEACE

By Alfred Wilson, C.P. 257 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50

St. Gertrude has told us that Christ one day made a complaint to her in these words: "Some souls tie the bandage of their unworthiness so tightly over their eyes that they cannot see Me and My love." In writing *Pardon and Peace*,



J. F. Powers

Father Alfred Wilson has before all else kept one all-important idea in the foreground: that the Sacrament of Penance is a product of Christ's ingenious love and that a visit to the confessional, far from being a trip to the torture chamber or a session on the anxious seat; as some people want to make it, is an opportunity for an interview with Christ, the Divine Confessor who has a flawless understanding of the human heart precisely because He made it.

For the sake of those whose misconceptions make confession an exhausting ordeal, the author in a chapter called "Easy Terms" clearly explains the minimum requirements for a fruitful reception of the Sacrament and subsequently corrects the "topsy-turvy tactics" of those who make their examination of conscience a relentless inquisition aimed at compiling a satisfactory budget of sins, while having little or no concern for fostering deep contrition. But it must not be thought that all of Father's observations are designed to soothe troubled souls—he packs a punch that will stagger the self-complacent, and there will be few who can read "Sidelights on Self" without feeling considerably chastened and a bit humbler.

Not the least of Father's contributions are some much-needed remarks on the nature of instinctive drives and on the twofold aspect of temperamental tendencies. He points out that such tendencies are no less an opportunity for spiritual development than they are a danger to it. He writes with humor as well as discernment.

Pardon and Peace is a consoling book without being soft or sugary. In fact, its soothing is all the more effective because the need for real sorrow and true penance is stated so uncompromisingly. No religious community should be without a copy of it; but we sincerely hope that the reading of it will not be confined to priests and Sisters—it is primarily a book for the laity.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

MARRIAGE—THE GREAT MYSTERY

By Robert Kothen. Translated and arranged by Eva J. Ross. 115 pages. Newman Book Shop. \$2.25



Eva J. Ross

The appearance of another book on Marriage from the pen of a Catholic priest reminds one of the remark passed by an old lady many years married who had patiently sat through a profound sermon on the same subject by a learned divine: "I wish I knew as little about it as he does." Such is not the judgment to be passed on this commendable work of the Abbé Kothen, for in the writing of

DIFFICULT STAR

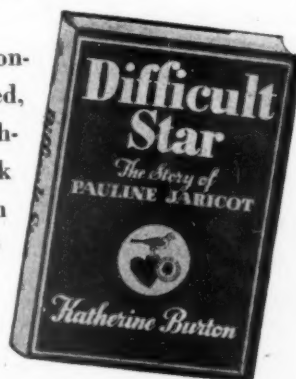
The Story of Pauline Jaricot



BY
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BURTON**

Pauline Jaricot, described by Claudel as "the poor old woman who thought she could save the world," was the founder of two world-wide organizations: the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Living Rosary. Her efforts to found a Mission for the Workingman led to her financial ruin, but her dynamic interest in the lot of the workers preceded the Papal encyclicals on labor and the Jocist and other reform movements in her native France.

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it he has used not only his theological knowledge but also the experience gained from more than twenty years work with the Jocists (Young Christian Workers) of Belgium. The distinctive feature of the book is the fact that it was composed only after many conversations and discussions with married people.

In the opening chapter the author focuses attention on his purpose of helping Catholic couples to realize the sublimity of the vocation to which they are called. He does this by explaining clearly, briefly, and forcefully that truth about Christian Marriage which is so often stated but so poorly understood, namely, that it is the real and efficacious symbol of the mysterious union between Christ and His Church. It is this fact about Christian Marriage that St. Paul calls the "great mystery." In succeeding chapters the Abbé Kothen treats with similar qualities of thought and style the educational role of the family, the liturgy of the Church as the wellspring of the family's spiritual life, the relations of the family to society, and lastly its apostolic mission in the world.

This book is highly recommended to married couples, to those contemplating marriage, and to priests and others engaged in the work of vocational guidance. The translator, E. J. Ross, has appended a study guide which will facilitate a systematic grasp of the matter contained. **THEODORE FOLEY, C.P.**

AN INFINITY OF QUESTIONS

By C. J. Eustace. 170 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50

From Ecclesiastes derives the book's significant title: "Only this I have found that God made man right, and he hath entangled himself with an infinity of questions." Through a consideration of their lives and of their writings, especially of their journals and other autobiographical materials, the author describes the searching for the "one thing necessary" that was made by Helen Foley and Katherine Mansfield, and by France Pastorelli, Elizabeth Leseur, and St. Therese of Lisieux.

The first two women, both poets, made a kind of religion of their art, approaching the problem of the significance of existence through the medium of their poetic sensitivity and insight; yet for them the ultimate quest was unrealized, since they circumscribed themselves by a dependence upon the human values of the man-made cosmos: they accepted merely the universe and hence became entangled "with an infinity of questions" that remained unresolved. But Madame Pastorelli, Elizabeth Leseur, and St. Therese accepted all of God's revelation; they both believed and knew that the only approach to the problem of the significance of existence is through the Incarnation, the

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mystery of God in Man. These women understood that the soul is inevitably deflected from "its true peace and tranquillity" when it forages in the arid plains of human deceptions and worldly illusions.

If, in our own time, we can find in the daily living, thinking, and acting of Christians even the beginning of a renaissance of true spirituality, it will be in part because of the writing and publication of books like this one.

ELISABETH ANN MURPHY

THE BALKANS: FRONTIER OF TWO WORLDS

By William King & Frank O'Brien.
278 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50

The Balkans for the present authors are comprised of Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey. They treat of the background, the personalities, the war record, and the problems of each in turn.



Wm. King

The facts they relate force them to be strongly critical of the Soviet methods and aims. Yet they strive to give credit where credit is due, e.g., while unsympathetic toward the Communist Tito, they laud him for introducing the federal system of government into Yugoslavia.

The presentation is popular and is calculated to be of help to the average newspaper reader who needs to know more than he can learn from daily dispatches if he is to have an intelligent grasp on what the Balkan squabbles are all about. Less thorough in historical synopsis than Bernard Newman's *Balkan Background*, less pessimistic and less personal and engrossing than Leigh White's *The Long Balkan Night*, the present book is nevertheless quite adequate in delineating the why and the wherefore of the Soviet-Western clash in these unhappy lands.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

AMERICAN COMMUNISM

By James Oneal and G. A. Werner.
413 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00

The present volume is an extensive revision of an earlier work which first appeared twenty years ago. The revision is largely the work of Dr. Werner, since poor health prevented Mr. Oneal from doing it alone. Much of the earlier work was left untouched, with additional chapters being added to cover the rich historical material of the intervening decades.

The original book was mainly historical in its approach. Oneal treated the various forces which led to a rise of American radicalism and its splintering into various groups. As such it was a competent and revealing exposé of Com-

munist aims and tactics. Dr. Werner preserved much of this approach in the added chapters. The treatment is largely historical, although some effort is made to gather similar material in a more topical manner.

In appraising the present work, the reviewer must consider the attitudes of prospective readers. Those who will be content with a bare outline of Communist activities will be satisfied with this volume. It can hardly be called an adequate history for most readers. Vital important activities are treated in a skimpy and hasty fashion.

The book is even less satisfactory for those who wish an introduction to the current activities of the American Communist Party. The reviewer had hoped that the volume would constitute an up-to-date supplement to Eugene Lyons' *The Red Decade*. Actually it was much less comprehensive than recent pamphlet studies by Andrew Avery, Karl Baarslag, and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The definitive study of recent Communism in the United States would be welcomed by many students of current events. *American Communism* is a poor substitute for such a badly needed work.

JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

ETHICS, WITH SPECIAL APPLICATION TO THE NURSING PROFESSION

By Joseph B. McAllister, S.S. 442 pages.
W. B. Saunders Co. \$2.75

It has become popular to speak of modern society as being amoral rather than immoral. This trend is significant. It indicates that basic conviction about moral principles is the crying need of our time. The express purpose of Father McAllister's book is to meet just such a situation.

The book falls naturally into two parts. The first part deals with general ethics. It offers a clear explanation of the speculative reasoning from which emerge the general principles of morality. This is done in such wise that the reader becomes aware not only of the principles involved, but also, and this is what the author aimed at, becomes acquainted with the rational justification of the principles. The second part deals with special ethics or the application of principles to specific problems. These are treated under the heading of the individual's duties to self, to neighbor, to God, to society, and to the family.

The course is planned primarily for the student nurse and graduate. Throughout, the author keeps this constantly in mind. The illustrations are drawn from situations, attitudes, and ideals familiar to the nursing profession. However, this feature in no way makes the book less valuable for the general reader. The whole treatise is obviously

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BERTIN FARRELL, C.P.

THE WISDOM OF GOD

By Fidelis Rice, C.P. 116 pages. The Declan X. McMullen Co. \$1.75

Regularly appended to the Metropolitan Opera Company's program to *Parsifal* is the request that, because of the sacred character of the theme, patrons should kindly refrain from applauding at the conclusion of the third act. Not until one watches the great curtain slowly descend upon the final scene does he realize how appropriate yet how almost unnecessary is such an appeal. One instinctively feels that applause would be wholly irrelevant, that the fine gold of silence alone should adequately repay the artists for their glorious achievement.

Such, likewise, is the feeling that returns to this reviewer as he slowly and reluctantly turns the final page of Father Fidelis's magnificent discourse upon—in fact, more truly from—the Cross of Christ.

Surely the most deserved (and to the author, the most welcome) commendation which he could receive, would be to say that his eight poignantly beautiful essays on the meaning, the importance, indeed the absolute necessity of Christ Crucified to the world and to ourselves individually, like the very best of sermons, bring us, not to our feet in enthusiastic applause, but to our knees in humble and grateful prayer.

FREDERICK J. FRAZER

A STUDY OF HISTORY

By Arnold J. Toynbee. Abridgement by D. C. Somervell. 617 pages. Oxford University Press. \$5.00

After a century and a half of historical Progressivism we are now threatened with a flood of historical Comparativism. A fascinating thing, this Comparativism. To choose a problem such as that of historical crises, or any other problem, and then to illustrate it by showing its origin and resolution in twenty-one civilizations—to pass from Egyptian culture to Indic to Sinitic to Mayan to Islamic with a flip of the pen, that is something! Professor Toynbee and his staff of specialists can run through the whole range of civilizations with the facility of a card player rippling a deck of cards.

The trouble with Comparativism is the same as the trouble with Historicism. Both are unhistorical; both are pseudo philosophies. Historicism thought it could explain religion, philosophy, morality, science and art, and everything else, by describing the stages through which current ideas on these subjects developed. Its development described, the historicists had the superstitious belief that they had explained the thing. So with the comparativists. After an exhaustive survey of parallels and contrasts they would have us believe that all human knowledge and activity is merely the result of the "culture."

Now "culture" produces everything which "progress" produced a generation ago.

To Historicism Christianity was a transitory phase of the human spirit on its way to the age of science. To Comparativism Christianity has blossomed out of its "culture" in the same way as Buddhism in India or Confucianism in China. Professor Toynbee has introduced a few variations of the theme, even going so far as to propose a certain uniqueness and superiority for the Christian scheme of things. But his reading of the Scriptures is too heavily laden with mythological gloss to be acceptable to a Christian.

The most difficult thing in the world is to find a historian who will write historically of Christianity. They become misty-eyed as soon as the subject comes up. So with Professor Toynbee. His book is neither a Christian view of history nor a historical view of Christianity.

THOMAS BERRY, C.P.

GIVE US OUR DREAM

By Arthémise Goertz. Whittlesey House.

298 pages. \$2.75

Mrs. Marsan had insomnia but she didn't count it a nuisance. She cherished her wakefulness. Sleep was such a waste of time when there were so many interesting people coming out of the tavern across the way in the morning's early hours. With Mr. Cernak's opera glasses to give her a close-up view of the neighborhood's goings-on, Mrs. Marsan cultivated an insatiable appetite for minding everybody else's business and an indulgent sort of sentimentalism in her invariably happy handling of other people's problems.

Mrs. Marsan's rule of life was summed up in her scrapbook where she faithfully pasted the "Daily Watchword" clipped from the *Daily News*. With these bits of homespun philosophy to supply her with inspiration and the guidance of the horoscope column to help her make practical decisions, "Marsie" elab-



A. Goertz

orated a religion of do-goodism which was full of contradictions, sentimental, and at times morally questionable. Yet it is as real and as widespread as the Protestant culture which produces it. There is a Mrs. Marsan in every row of city houses in America.

Self-constituted mistress of ceremonies in her Sunnyside rooming house, "Marsie" supervises the romance of a little crippled girl who is plagued by an over-possessive sister; lifts a bewildered war widow out of her lethargic gloom; listens patiently to the social theories of a share-the-wealth enthusiast; tries to put some "heart" into a snobbish school teacher so busy chasing after culture that she doesn't have time to fall in love, even though an exact replica of her dream man is living on the same floor. There is no end to Mrs. Marsan's efficiency; she knows the human heart with its hurts and its hopes, whether that heart is beating in an alcoholic opera singer who lives in a dreamy world of lost glory, or in a jaded fashion designer who regretfully sees herself gaining weight and losing a shallow lover, or in a frivolous working girl who has made a big mistake and is tempted to worsen her foolishness by the murder of an unborn child.

Although somewhat episodic and melodramatic, *Give Us Our Dream* is interesting lightweight reading, and for those who are discerning enough to see the shortcomings of Mrs. Marsan's philosophy of life it will do no harm. There may even be many who, despite all of "Marsie's" foibles, will find her lovable. This reviewer is one of them.

ROBERT MICHELE

SHORT NOTICES

ANY SAINT TO ANY NUN. By a Benedictine of Stanbrook. 144 pages. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.50. Here is a prize package for every nun—a letter from a saint to fit most appropriately into every big event, major worry, or little difficulty of her religious life. Whether it is St. Jerome writing to a girl who has just decided to consecrate her virginity to God, or St. Ambrose writing to his own sister Marcellina on the anniversary of her profession, or St. Augustine consoling a young religious on the death of the priestly brother whom she seems to have almost worshiped, or St. Teresa simply writing a letter on "sound common sense," always there are the warmth of saintliness and the wisdom of another world. The Benedictine nun who hit upon the idea of compiling these thirty-five letters from twenty-three different saints and near-saints has given a delightful book to those religious who would enjoy a little correspondence from great men and women of God.

TREES GROW TALL. By Irene Perrot. 250 pages. Chapman & Grimes. \$2.50. This is a pleasant novel with a catchy plot. It is the story of an old man's pride of ownership in his inheritance, a stand of Maine's primitive forest; of a crass lumber king who

will stop at nothing to acquire the trees; of the daughter and son, respectively, of the oldtimers, caught in the middle of their sharp rivalry. The ideals of the young folk are refreshing and their struggle to attain them for the most part engrossing. Although in general the characterization is convincing, sometimes the young people's conversations are stilted and unlikable, slowing down the story perceptibly. All told, a clean, entertaining novel.

JACOB'S NIGHT. By Wallace Fowlie. 116 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$1.50. Jacob wrestled with an angel that an angel's blessing might be bestowed upon his people. But his struggle left him maimed of body. Peguy, Maritain, and Rouault, Frenchmen all, were creative artists who wrestled with that awesome loveliness, Christianity. And they too have been pierced by the mysteries of wonder and beauty they contemplated. These delicately sensitized spirits clearly reflect the crises that recent generations have visited upon France. And the crises have issued in the searching wisdom of Peguy, the discovery of deathless Christian philosophy by Maritain, and the brilliant discerning pictorial fury of Rouault. *Jacob's Night* is rewarding reading for those who enjoy refined writing.

MARIOLOGY. Vol. II. By M. J. Scheeben. Translated by T. L. Geukers. 287 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$3.00. The second volume of Scheeben's *Mariology* deals with her Immaculate Conception and her role as Mediatrix of Grace. Mary's fullness of grace is considered both positively and negatively, and the significance of the historical controversy about Mary's Immaculate Conception is explored. In describing Mary's role as Mediatrix, Scheeben starts from the principle that her grace of motherhood is the source of a supernatural activity specifically her own, and her association with Christ as a co-principle of the fruits of Redemption and as the depositary of His merits is explained with clarity and warmth.

REVIEWS

FORTUNATA CALIRI, M. A., is Assistant Librarian at Boston College.

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ELISABETH NUGENT, M.A., is an Associate Professor of English at Seton Hall College, Orange, New Jersey.

WILLIAM SOLZBACHER, Ph.D., author, scholar, and lecturer, was forced to leave Germany in 1933 because of anti-Nazi activity.

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT STEIGER, literary critic, lives in Forest Hills, N. Y.

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THIS TREMENDOUS LOVER

By Eugene Boylan, O. Cist. R.

It would, perhaps, be extravagant praise to suggest that this work is comparable to THE INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE, but in many ways it has appealed to us as a modern version of that masterpiece.—The Irish Ecclesiastical Record. April edition of *Spiritual Book Associates* \$3.00

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Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

The Other Room by Worth Tuttle Hedden
Albert Sears by Millen Brand
The Game Cock and Other Stories by Michael McLaverty
The Story of Mrs. Murphy by Natalie Anderson Scott
By the Beautiful Sea by William Abrahams
The Moonlight by Joyce Cary

The Other Room by Worth Tuttle Hedden
Albert Sears by Millen Brand
 ▶ Mrs. Hedden and Mr. Brand are treating anti-Negro prejudice in different settings, with different focus and intensity.

In *The Other Room* a young Virginia girl gets, through an agency, a teaching position in a New Orleans "college." She is appalled to discover that it is a Negro academy, with an all-Negro student body and a faculty containing a number of Negroes. Her first impulse is to leave, but, for various reasons, she stays. Thus she gets an opportunity to explore that "other room" in which Negroes are segregated.

She learns a great deal, and her misconceptions and antipathy are gradually eliminated. She falls in love with a handsome fellow teacher, a Negro, and he with her. She would marry him, but he understands what an impossible future awaits her as his wife, so they part. On returning home she cannot silently endure the manifestations of an attitude toward the Negro which once was hers but which she has now discarded, and she leaves for graduate study in New York.

The love story, tricked out with the dubious devices of lightweight romance, runs away with and blurs the central theme. Altogether exceptional and unlikely, it takes and retains to the end the center of the stage, hence the problem with which at first it seemed the author was coming to grips is slighted and distorted.

Mr. Brand has contrived a book in which anti-Negro feeling figures largely. Albert Sears, estranged from the crippled wife who lives in his Jersey City home, has a mistress and a son by the latter. The son is an unhappy misfit because of his status, the victim of the willfulness and stubbornness of his

elders. He becomes adjusted to life when Negroes move into the neighborhood and are persecuted by the whites. Aligned with others as much outcasts as he is, he faces up to a hard situation and begins to fight back. Meanwhile, the triangle in which he is tortured is resolved by the death of his father, who is thwarted by his wife's refusal to divorce him and his mistress's refusal to let him adopt his son.

The care that Mr. Brand has expended on the several episodes in his book is curiously missing from the work as a whole, which is disjointed and remote. There is a flagrantly false note in the portraying of Albert Sears as a man whose undeviating devotion to justice brings misery to others. Actually Sears is grossly unjust in a capital matter, his marriage. He wants to be rid of his wife and is living in adultery. This is a grave injustice which poisons existence for himself and those nearest him. As for interracial justice, this is dramatically but not at all incisively treated.

(Crown, \$2.75)

(Simon and Schuster, \$2.75)

The Game Cock and Other Stories by Michael McLaverty

▶ Readers of Mr. McLaverty's novels will know what to expect in this volume: human beings with whom one feels a close kinship and into whose lives, as sharply revealed in these brief, trim fictions, one can enter instantly and sympathetically. Mr. McLaverty's people, Irishmen all, are the genuine article, not falsified by either sentimentality or heroics.

It is absorbing to observe the various small boys introduced here. One of them is heart-stricken by the possibility of his having snuffed the spark of life in a wild duck's nest; another discovers the sad secret of his one-legged aunt; a third unwittingly touches with healing the spirit of a grief-numbed widow; a fourth rashly undertakes to be a weather prophet and has to bear the lash of his contemporaries' scorn; a fifth longs to be off to sea despite the kindness of the aged couple with whom he lives. Quite as good and unretouched as his youngsters are Mr. McLaverty's old people. And his nuns are exactly right, neither sanctimonious prigs nor veiled vixens.

Disclosed with deceptive ease, in a

style fluent and lovely, here are significant moments in lives all the more intriguing for being unextraordinary. The beauty, the pathos, the comedy of everyday happenings—here are Mr. McLaverty's specialties. And how deftly he mixes the ingredients, as witness the feeling and the fun in "The Road to the Shore," dealing with a group of nuns all garbed alike but each a distinct personality. The modest but authentic genius of Mr. McLaverty is likely to be overlooked in the clamor over sensationalism and artificiality; one fervently hopes not.

(Devlin-Adair, \$2.75)

The Story of Mrs. Murphy by Natalie Anderson Scott

By the Beautiful Sea by William Abrahams

▶ Each of these novels describes a process of degradation, but neither explains it or shows its full horror, this last for want of any positive convictions or code. It is somewhat as if the effects of the atom-bombing of Nagasaki should be minutely and dispassionately detailed as a happening, without any clear indication of the true nature of its hideousness.

The Story of Mrs. Murphy follows the gradual dissolution of Jimmy Murphy, charming at twenty-five and dead in the gutter at forty. The "Mrs. Murphy" of the title is alcohol. But one wonders whether alcohol alone accounts for Jimmy's mad career and destruction. Jimmy is an insane person who drinks, rather than a person rendered insane by drink.

He comes from a respectable middle-class family. His mother is indulgently devoted to him. Knowing her Freud, the author posits an enmity between him and his father. He is regarded worshipfully by a younger brother and sister, cynically by another sister, worriedly by a brother who is a priest and another who is a policeman. One woman wants to marry him; a second wants to live with him periodically; a third wants to look after him.

When he is not drinking, he is attractive, but never normal; when he is drunk, he is disgusting. His descent to final ruin is elaborately reported, with the sober intervals shorter and rarer, the alcoholic bouts ever wilder. We are spared nothing in the way of unpleasantness, and frequently one suspects that unsavory episodes are introduced just for the sake of shocking.

But the cardinal defect of this sloppily written book is the utter absence of any hint of why and how Jimmy is as he is, any examination of the inner meaning of his downfall. The story cannot be called a tragedy, for it does not so much as suggest the existence of human dignity, freedom, and responsibility. It is simply a clinical picture, like that of

an organ eaten by a devastating poison.

The Murphys are Catholic, but the author knows nothing of Catholicism. So unacquainted with it is she that, in her slapdash caricature of a priest, she has him equating sin and ignorance.

Mr. Abrahams writes fastidiously, with far more subtlety and polish than Natalie Anderson Scott. But, like her, he is microscopically scrutinizing the wrecking of a man's life. Charles Brand is a young novelist whose deliberately empty books sell prodigiously and make phenomenally popular movies. Brand is married to Julia, corrupt and corrupting, to whom he attributes the compromising of his art as well as his wretchedness. She is thoroughly evil, a seeker of pleasure, eager to enforce her whim.

Returning to her after having been in the army, Charles hopes for an improvement in their relationship, but finds not merely that he is drawn downward, but that the lives of others are being polluted by her. He safeguards the happiness of a young couple and disentangles himself from Julia's tentacles. But he sees that it was a flaw in himself ("I wanted money and success—things") which prevented his being anything but a commercial writer.

The atmosphere of luxurious futility has been neatly set down by Mr. Abrahams, and he is expert and explicit in mapping an evil existence. Yet the fact of its being evil can be truly perceived only in the light of standards brought to the book by the reader, not in the light of any standards affirmed in the book.

(Dutton. \$3.00)

(Dial. \$2.75)

The Moonlight by Joyce Cary

► Mr. Cary is introduced to American readers with a salvo of superlatives from English reviewers and a novel which is intricate, unconventional (at least by current criteria), and as a whole disappointing. He follows very closely the history of an English family through three generations, not straightforwardly, but by interminable backtracking which shows parallels and cause and effect in the lives of the members of the family. The title refers to Beethoven's sonata, the implication being that the Venns' story is as tightly woven a composition as the musical piece.

Mr. Cary excels in drawing characters, even those introduced late in the story being painstakingly defined and related to the rest. In the interplay of characters, too, he is adept, the impingement of life on life, the tortuous progress of a motif. But the accent on determinism is too strong, the preoccupation with a pattern stifling. And in this, as in so many novels, a tattered and twisted version of Christianity is taken for the reality and glibly discredited.

(Harper. \$3.00)

August, 1947

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Namroth-on-the-Lake, 1412 E. Second Street,
Superior, Wisconsin



Making Converts

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I say that I enjoyed Lucile Hasley's article immensely. She is not alone in her tribulations. I felt a distinct kinship, except for two small items. I was born and bred in the Faith, and my eager beaver netted me even less.

Having come to the conclusion some time ago that adults were just too tough for my limited capabilities, I tried what might be termed method D and turned to children. I wrote a book that I felt sure would inspire countless little dears for years on end. And what happens? I find that publishers and editors are still adults.

HELEN THEISEN

Dubuque, Iowa

The Herald Tribune

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished your enlightening article, "The High-brow Herald Tribune." To take issue with you over the policy of the paper would be long and tedious, but I merely would like to remark that I find many of the Catholic magazines more pinko (to use your phrase) than the Herald Tribune.

I cannot, however, pass over your remarks concerning the quality of the paper. Since when has the tabloid newspaper become the standard of excellence by which a paper is judged? Since when has good English, and this includes necessarily the exclusion of slang, been considered a heinous offense? Since when has the highly colored murder story been of more importance to our welfare than the laws and actions of governments?

The increasing divorce rate and juvenile crime in this country are abetted by the gossip columns and lurid details of the tabloid.

I prefer to read as an intelligent adult, and as such I was deeply annoyed at your back-handed, tongue-in-cheek article on the Herald Tribune.

If you wish to take issue with a paper over its policy, it is your privilege and in some cases your duty, but do not slur and blacken its most excellent qualities which should be, and too often are not, the essential characteristics of a newspaper.

VIRGINIA BRADFORD

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Spanish Government

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In Spain they tell an old, old story about the beginning of the world. When the nations were founded each one sent its representative to the Creator to ask for special gifts. Spain sent a very charming

THE † SIGN

but very young little lady. She greatly pleased Our Lord and He smiled benignantly on her as she knelt before His throne. "For my country I would like sunshine always," she pleaded.

"You shall have it," he answered.

"And please may all her women be beautiful."

"Well, yes, my dear, you shall have that too."

"And her men brave," the girl took courage and hurried on, "may we have music and song and gay fiestas?"

"That's rather a lot for one nation but for you, my child, it shall be."

The girl was overjoyed at her success and rushed off to tell her countrymen of all the lovely gifts God had given them. But at the door she turned back, "Oh I forgot, I was told to ask for a good government."

"Now, now," said Our Lord, "I have given you more than your share already. You can't have anything more."

I realize now that the story is incomplete. Obviously the young lady was also told to ask that the Spanish Government be to the liking of the peoples of the other nations—especially the powerful ones—and she forgot that too in her excitement over obtaining all the things that appeal to a young girl for her country.

Now the land that fought for seven hundred years to reconquer her soil from the Mohammedans; the land that brought Christianity to America and that kept the heathen Turk from invading Europe is again fighting a battle, so far a propaganda battle. In 1936 the Communists thought Lenin's prophecy that Spain would be the second Soviet in Europe was going to come true. It did not. As long as Franco governs Spain, it will not. Perhaps a better Government than that of Franco could be found for Spain—what country has a perfect government?—but would the restoration of the Catholic Monarchy meet with the approval of the Security Council?

Anyhow it must be the Spaniards themselves who choose that government. Right now the intervention of the United Nations has consolidated all Spain in favor of Franco and it has diminished respect for an organization that promised that the United Nations would not interfere in the internal affairs of sovereign nations. Catholics who think Franco should be forcibly removed by foreign pressure had better be sure that a better and a Christian government is going to succeed him before they join forces with those who are trying to unify Europe according to an Asiatic pattern.

JEANNE C. HUMPHREYS

New York, N. Y.

We Take a Bow

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am proud to renew my subscription to the most enlightening and influential Catholic magazine in this country today: Your "Current Fact and Comment" gives a clear outline of the happenings in the world around us. Your fearless editorials on the plight of the enslaved people of Poland and Russia merit the praise of all people who seek the truth in a confused world.

MICHAEL J. JOYCE

Dorchester, Mass.

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Housing Shortage

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Apparently nothing is being done about the housing shortage, except to predict an early remedy. A few large projects, sponsored by governmental agencies and insurance companies, are under construction. These are not commensurate with the needs and demands in every large city. No one seems to know the reason for the meager activity in new dwelling construction. What is worse, no one seems to care, except the families that are doubled-up with in-laws, or broken up in rooming houses.

Unless some practical program is begun reasonably soon, the public might demand that the Government build, because private initiative failed. This would not be displeasing to pragmatic politicians interested in patronage on a big scale and cost-plus contracts, all subsidized by taxes. Besides, a great number of voters could be kept in line by promises of apartments at rentals lower than the tenants in privately owned houses pay. No one can surmise what the ultimate effect would be on institutions holding mortgages on existing dwellings.

Very many new houses are needed. They are not being built. Maybe THE SIGN can discover what the trouble is, or why the ostrichlike aversion to public discussion of a remedy. The sooner something is done, the less likely that something will need to be drastic.

HENRY V. MORAN

New York City

Two Dollars No Gift

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I must congratulate you on your article on Page 5 of the February issue, "When Two Dollars Is No Gift." My only regret is that those who should see it will not. It certainly refers to a number of Catholics I know who subscribe to at least a dozen magazines and not a Catholic one among them—who would not even be interested in my discarded copies. There are times when I get not only "downright discouraged" but "truly sympathetic," as they do not know what they are missing.

Really, such disinterested Catholics, they are to be pitied. The same is true of the radio. They never miss a commentator, but suggest a Catholic program and they look at you as though you did not have good sense.

MARIE MURRAY

Trenton, N. J.

"Let's Stay Strong"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just read your editorial entitled "Let's Stay Strong." Once again you have hit the nail on the head and come out with a timely message for our day.

It is often hard for an earnest Catholic to know and understand the true attitude of his Church toward many world problems. Your "Let's Stay Strong" cleared up one point especially for me. Just how does the Church feel toward disarmament? You answered that question in your usual clear and understandable way. Total disarmament, you said, would be fine, but not very safe or sensible at present. And then you went on to show us why this is so.

It is good to have such points as you

set down put clearly in our minds for many reasons. We can be ready to help others who are themselves confused as to the truth. Again, we can be ready with our just and proper arguments when we come across those who are ready to advocate total disarmament as the only avenue to peace.

I hope that this editorial along with many of your others will be read by those men who now have the chance to make and keep world peace.

READER

A Reading Problem

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I cannot help writing to tell you something about reading and books here in the Philippines. I wish you could see what we and the people are getting dished out for reading. It is simply shocking—nothing but trash and filth. The Army here has done such a lot of good, but if they hadn't brought that stuff along, or if they had at least burned or taken it out again when they left, we should have been more grateful to them.

I am in charge of a parish of 13,000 souls. All the young people here know English. In the name of these young people I would like to ask your readers to pass on the Catholic literature they have read—even prewar magazines.

There is one kind person sending me THE SIGN, and I can tell you even that one copy has done a lot of good. About 100 read it regularly, and many more look at the pictures. Until it has made the rounds it lasts about one month—and only half of it arrives back to me.

(REV.) EUGENE DOBERTE

Lawa-an, Antique,
Panay, Philippines

We Are Pleased

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Please let me say (after so much has been said) how greatly I enjoyed the Black Sambo story by Bruce Marshall. Can it be that readers of THE SIGN are so accustomed to the quite inferior literary material found in most religious magazines that when something just a bit different, original, and not "Johnny meets Mary, the Sunday School teacher at a Sodality dance and there results a good Catholic marriage" theme they cannot accept it?

I think that Catholic readers are fortunate to have a magazine like THE SIGN which sincerely tries to give its readers superior literary fare. I know that all my teachers here at college read THE SIGN, and its selectivity and standards have been praised frequently in the classroom.

We Catholic readers must readjust ourselves; the Catholic Church has become so definitely a thing to be reckoned with that we must realize our literature is most certainly as attention-compelling as this week's best seller; our authors have as much to say as those who write for the *New Yorker*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, or the *Atlantic*.

As soon as Catholic readers realize that Catholic thought and Catholic literature mean something in the turbulent universe, they will demand and read the best Catholic periodicals. What's head of the list? THE SIGN, of course!

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"You Did It Unto Me"



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We know this refrain is repeated time and time again, but the repetition follows only from the dire need. If we all work together we will bring success to Christ's work in far-off, suffering Hunan. The good people will be grateful and God will surely bless us for our practical Christian charity.

Please, a penny-a-day, join our Christmas Club for Christ or, if you are already a member, ask others to join. Fill in and mail the coupon below.

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"Czarist Exiles"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article by George Moorad, "Czarist Exiles," in the July issue, was an extremely interesting and informative revelation of the situation of the White Russians in the Far East and of the violently anti-American activities of the Reds, especially in China. It is a shame that we Americans are so passive in view of the potentialities of the situation.

The fact is that we have done nothing to aid the White Russians to obtain haven or citizenship elsewhere and so have left them in a situation where they would have to become martyrs to their convictions or tools of the cunning and insidious agents of Moscow.

We did a lot for China during the war and now we sit back thinking the Chinese love us and are grateful to us. As a matter of fact, many of them, due to the constant barrage of Red propaganda, hate us and everything American. We should do something to counteract this propaganda, as it is impossible to overestimate the future value to America of the friendship of China and the Chinese people.

Washington, D. C.

L. J. HACKETT

Christmas Cards

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is a little early to be writing about Christmas cards, but as they are probably in process of production, may I make a plea for a better selection of religious cards for Christmas 1947?

Many Catholics would prefer to send religious cards to their friends, both Protestant and Catholic, but it is next to impossible to obtain them in the shops. Those which they receive through the mail from Catholic sources are too often inartistic, gaudy in coloring, and poor in workmanship. It is true that the amount received from the sale of these cards is devoted to a worthy purpose but that is beside the point. When you have weeded out the awful cut-outs, the poor drawings of the dear little Infant, the stiff angels stuck in mid-air, you may perhaps have a half dozen worthy to be sent. A dozen copies of one lovely design would be preferable.

You need not be artistic or have any knowledge of drawing to be offended by a card in which St. Joseph is shown with a red beard and a green mantle—Christmas colors, it is true, but ghastly. Why is St. Joseph always depicted as an old, bald-headed man leaning on a staff? I picture him as young, virile, with an air of the prince about him.

If we may not have new designs, then a plea to those who distribute them. Before mailing out the old cards, please eliminate the atrocities. To those who print them—a light hand with those colored inks, please.


Louisville, Ky.

ALMA M. HOLLAND

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's— not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

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